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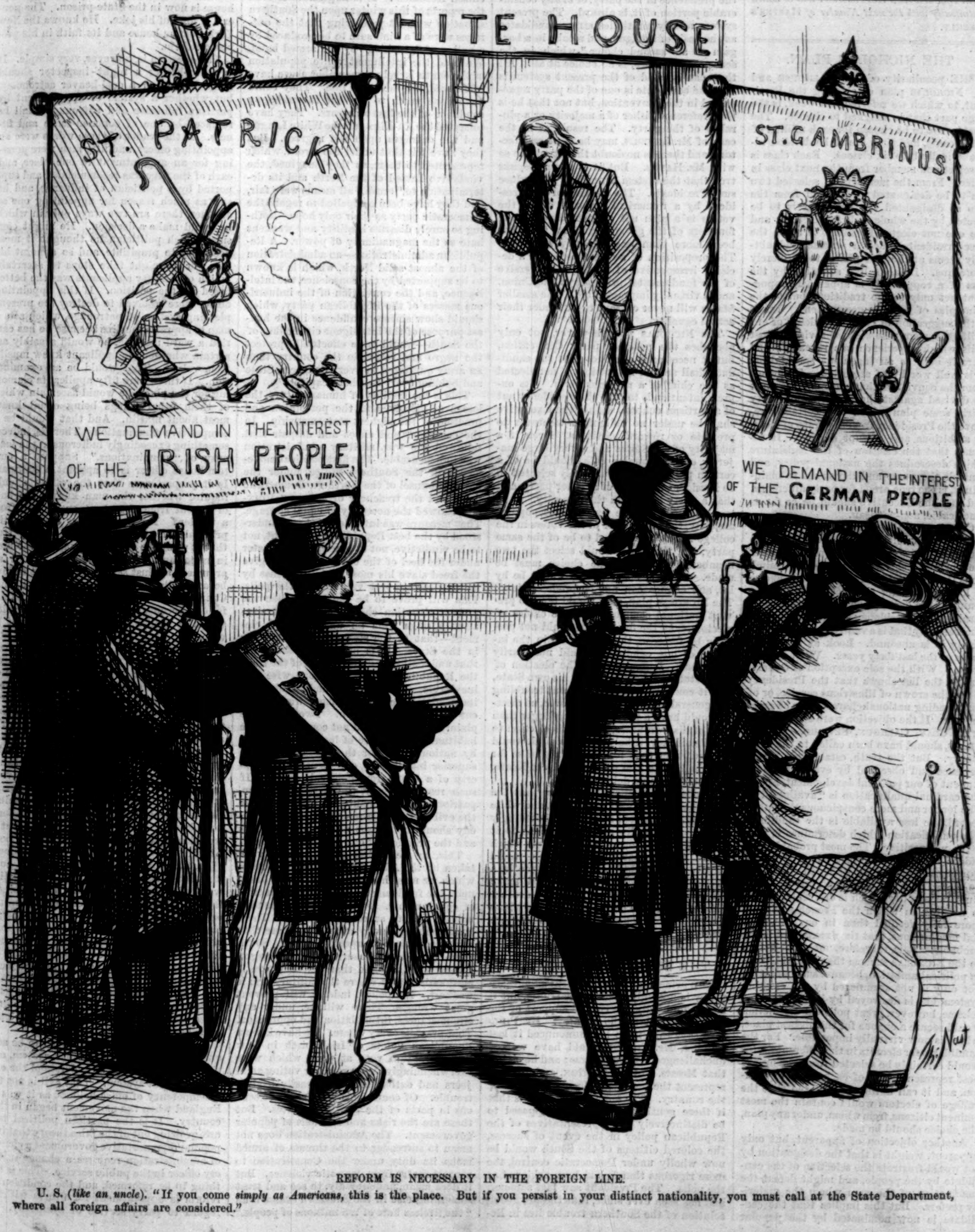

WHITE HOUSE
ST. PATRICK.
WE DEMAND IN THE INTEREST OF THE IRISH PEOPLE
ST. GAMBRINUS.
WE DEMAND IN THE INTEREST OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE
Th. Nast

REFORM IS NECESSARY IN THE FOREIGN LINE.

U. S. (*like an uncle*). "If you come *simply as Americans*, this is the place. But if you persist in your distinct nationality, you must call at the State Department, where all foreign affairs are considered."

The Sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY last Week was over 110,000 Copies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 14, 1877.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page engraving, called*

WOMEN OF MOROCCO,

and other interesting and attractive features.

In this Number of the Weekly *we give a highly interesting account of the escape of* William M. Tweed, *the particulars of his flight and exile, and of his return to New York, taken from his personal diary, and largely illustrated.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE NICHOLAS PLAN.

THE peculiarity of the Hillhouse and Nicholas plan of electing the President, to which we referred last week, is the large part that is assigned to chance. The electors are to be chosen for each million of inhabitants, and they are to be divided alphabetically into six classes. Each class is to select one member from the next class in order. From the members so selected two are to be designated by lot, and from the two so designated the President is to be elected by the whole body of electors; and the one not elected President is to be the Vice-President. Such a scheme undoubtedly seems at the first glance to be merely grotesque. It looks like selection by the toss of a copper. It is apparently repugnant not only to the traditions but to the principles of popular government. Yet it is the suggestion of careful students of our political system, who wish to provide against evils which experience has revealed; and were it only as an ingenious speculation, it is well worthy of attention. It springs from the conviction that some defense must be devised against the mad fury of party spirit, some plan which will certainly remove the Presidency from the grasp of merely ambitious and corrupt designs. It assumes that the election of the legislature which determines the national policy, and controls the purse and the sword to maintain it, is the true arena for party difference, and that the Executive should be, as far as practicable, non-partisan.

Certain objections that may be urged are obvious. But a little scrutiny will dissipate them, and show that the scheme is at least the work of a shrewd and observant mind. Thus it will be said that to leave the choice to lot, even among the picked men of the country, is to destroy the noble ambition of earning the Presidency by great services. Theoretically that is a valid objection. Practically it is unsound. Look at the Presidents of the last forty years. What do they prove? With the sole exception of General Grant, the list shows that the Presidency is not the crown of illustrious service, or of commanding national character, or of great renown. If the objection were sound, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Seward, Sumner, Chase, should have been called to the Presidency. But the truth, established by experience and observed by every sagacious student of our political development, is that the cardinal qualification is "availability." The longer and more conspicuous the public record, the less available is the candidate. The qualification which determines is negative, not positive. The most probable candidate is the one against whom the least can be said, not he for whom the most can be said. It is not a distinct, but an indistinct, personality which is desirable. There is nothing in which the French saying is more fully verified than in our Presidential nominations, that the unexpected is the probable. It is, therefore, not an objection to the Nicholas scheme that it extinguishes political ambition, because such ambition not only is not stimulated by the existing system, but is destroyed by it. Under this scheme, however, great political distinction would secure a chance for the highest place, which is now virtually impossible. For the candidates for electors in the different States would certainly be selected from among the best representatives of each party or opinion, and it can hardly be doubted that the college of electors would contain the most eminent citizens, from whom, under any plan, the choice should be made.

Another objection of apparent, but only apparent, weight is that the designation by lot would frustrate the selection of the candidate by the people, and might defeat the nomination of the man whom the majority prefers. But this implies that the candidate is now nominated by the popular will, and is the preference of the majority that elects him. Were Polk, or Harrison, or Pierce, or even Lincoln, such candidates? Mr. Lincoln was nominated in a Seward Convention by a bargain made between half a dozen men. Was Pierce designated by the popular preference of his party? Who is James K. Polk? was a question that became proverbial. There is scarcely any method of nominating a President so sure to result in a decision by chicane and intrigue as that which is now practiced. The Convention is a huge and irrepressible mass-meeting, constantly under the strongest excitement, and offering the strongest inducements to bribery and jobbing. It is the result of successive previous Conventions, and under our system of patronage it is packed all the way up. The result is constantly a dead lock, which can be broken only by a compromise candidacy. The supposition that the candidate so nominated is the preference of the party, or of any considerable portion of it, is absurd. The present system merely multiplies straw candidates as the basis of intrigue, and results in a bargain or a "second choice," which, in the sense of preference, is no choice at all. All that can be said of the present system is that the candidate is one of the party represented in the Convention, but not that he is the preference either of a majority or a plurality of the party. The result, as in the case of Mr. Lincoln, may be most satisfactory, and there is no doubt that it will be so with Mr. Hayes. But it is none the less true that the system is unlikely to produce such Presidents. The election of the President by a numerical majority of all the voters is a plan not contemplated by the founders of the government, and there has been more than one minority President. The proposition of a direct vote and a decision irrespective of States is subversive of the fundamental principle of the Union, and is virtually impracticable. The smaller States will never consent to surrender their actual equality.

The Nicholas plan, however, not only abolishes the national party Convention, but it necessarily provides that the candidate shall neither be nominated nor elected as the chief of a national party. Its express intention is to take the Presidency out of a partisan contest, so that the Executive shall be under no obligation whatever to promote or reward partisans. Even if a majority of the States and a very large majority of the popular vote should be of a certain party, the person finally selected to be President might be of another party, and that a party largely in the minority. It is true that when there was a great popular majority, the larger part of the voters in the college might be assumed to be of the same party, and that they would select the two members from whom the choice must be made. But the classification would be by lot, and chance can not be predetermined. The Nicholas plan, also, would tend to prevent national commotion in the choice of electors. As the final result could not possibly be foreseen, the corruption in the interest of one candidate would necessarily disappear. Irregularity in the election of an elector would concern only his own State, and it could be corrected without troubling the general tranquillity. Moreover, no elector would have a party following larger than that of his own State, and as his election to the Presidency, if he were successful, would depend upon that following only in so far as it had made him an electoral candidate, he would have no debts to pay.

We have said enough to show that the Nicholas plan is well considered, and while apparently complex, is, in fact, exceedingly simple. The really grave objections to it we shall duly discuss. But a scheme which would temper party spirit, which would largely extinguish fraud and intrigue in a Presidential election, which would make the President the head of the nation rather than of a party, is certainly a scheme which challenges the thoughtful attention of every patriotic citizen.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

The principle of the President's Southern policy is not only wise and patriotic, but it has undoubtedly the cordial support of the best sentiment of the country. Mr. Phillips says that if he had announced it last October, Mr. Tilden would have walked unchallenged over the course; and he claims that Messrs. Blaine, Morton, and Butler represent the real Republican conviction of the country. The one thing certain is that if these gentlemen had been supposed to be distinctively the representatives of the Republican policy in the event of success, the colored citizens of the South would be now wholly under Democratic control, the more rigorous that it had been achieved at the polls. The President saw last summer, and has seen ever since, that the promising solution of the Southern trouble lies in Republican magnanimity, not in Democratic victory. There are those who advise in the Southern States the policy of England in Ireland—a policy devoid of sagacity and humanity. It assumes the "tireless hate" of ten millions of white Americans, and would crush it by maintaining over them by brute force the dominance of a late enslaved colored population. The suggestion that if hate exists, it can be more wisely treated, and that the relation of the two races may be made more tolerable, by methods more human than those of the bayonet, the friends of this policy deride as gush and sentimentality.

The root of trouble in the South is hostility of race, with great ignorance and the alienation due to slavery and the war. How soon, by any reasonable calculation, would that sentiment of alienation and that hostility be removed by forcibly sustaining governments of adventurers and newly enfranchised freedmen? It is impossible to read the reports of this winter upon the Southern situation without perceiving that the outrages were of a kind sure to be produced by a policy of "crushing" by the armed hand. We hold the intelligent white population of the South largely responsible, as we have often said, for the color line. They could have done much to prevent the unhappy condition of the last ten years. They have tolerated the Ku-Klux and the White League and the outrages upon the negroes. But they have felt that under the sword, which represented to them, as they imagined, the vindictive hatred of the North and its determination to "crush," all means were fair, and they have been compelled to regard the Democratic party as their only hope. Nothing so surely disarms hostility and weakens hate as the magnanimity of power. A Republican administration—an administration of the almost solid North, which is known to be supported by the conscience, the intelligence, and the conviction of the industrious masses of the Republican party, which should show sincere confidence in the honest purpose of the intelligent citizenship of the South—would more effectually protect the negro and reconcile the country than an army quartered in every Southern State and holding every Southern capital.

This is the instinct of human nature, the lesson of history, and the perception and practice of the highest statesmanship. In the confusion and chaos and despair that followed the war, military administration was indispensable. The first political movements in the Southern States, under the baleful counsel of the Northern Democratic press and the treachery of Andrew Johnson, showed the necessity of equal suffrage. That measure was intended, and was understood by the best Republican sentiment, not to be vindictive, not to place the old master under the heel of the old slave, but to give the freed slave his most certain defense by making his support valuable at the polls. This will prove to be the truth when the present situation changes; and that situation springs from an unanticipated element—that of the stranger or adventurer in the State. It is undeniable, therefore, that under all the circumstances of the time, the Republican policy was both wise and inevitable. It is equally undeniable that its results have been in many ways different from the anticipation. Two things are plain. That policy did not contemplate the habitual maintenance of local governments by national aid, nor the exclusion of the superior intelligence, experience, and property of a State from political control. If such results appear, the part of wisdom, patriotism, and humanity is to consider how the evil may best be remedied, and the remedy should be sought under the principles and the practices of our political system.

This, as we understand it, is the view taken by the Administration. It is one in which we most heartily concur. It is based upon the fundamental Republican principle of equal rights. It proposes to abandon nobody and to surrender nothing. There are Republicans who seem to suppose that without armed occupation of the South there can be no security for the negro. But it will be found that his condition is most satisfactory where the military arm is weakest. No policy, indeed, will prevent great wrongs. There will be, under any circumstances, intimidation and oppression. That prevails every where. We have known Republican voters of Irish birth in New York afraid to vote at polls which were overwhelmingly Democratic, or voting amid jeers and oaths that could easily lead to trouble. Of course this is much more serious in parts of the Southern States. But these are the risks and frictions of popular government. The Administration does not mean to surrender to the threats of armed mobs its duty under the Constitution to protect States from domestic violence. But it does mean, undoubtedly, to see and trust something else in the Southern States than "the tireless hate of ten millions of people."

THE BLACKBOARD.

The *Times* had recently some excellent articles upon examinations in the civil service. They are generally ridiculed, and it is not surprising, if the nature of what are now called examinations is known. It is the oldest and stalest of sneers at reform, that the service does not want book-learning, and that broken-down school-masters and green college graduates are the very worst material in the world for public office. General Butler has more than once remarked that the greatest rascals were the men who could pass the best examinations. The arguments, indeed, do not go together. But that is unimportant. The general would hardly object to broken-down school-masters and green graduates on the ground of rascality. General Grant, also, is reported to have spoken contemptuously of "blackboard examinations," and to have said that the first man appointed under them in the New York Custom-house is now in the State-prison. The general is fond of his joke. He knows the New York Custom-house and its faith in his proposed reform.

The question is, however, very simple. It is not whether a night-inspector should know botany, or a coal-heaver astronomy, but whether a system of appointment by partisan influence and patronage shall be replaced by one of common-sense and fitness. If the reader of these words were an appointing officer, and fifty men were pressing for an appointment to one place, and each of the fifty was recommended and supported by a politician of influence, and he saw as much reason for appointing one as another, there are two ways only in which he could make a decision. He might consider which politician he thought it most necessary to propitiate, and so appoint his man; or he might take steps to ascertain which of the fifty applicants was the better fitted for the position. If this appointing officer were resolved to destroy the present pleasing system of patronage, which sets a man to appraise muslins because he has carried a ward meeting, he would sensibly ascertain whether the applicant knew muslin from velvet. That would be an examination. If there were fifty applicants clamoring for the place, he would ascertain which of them, other things being equal, knew most about muslin. And that would be a competitive examination. There is, indeed, something exceedingly ludicrous in the jealousy of "examinations." Suppose a custom-house officer is to appoint a boatman. Is it preposterous that the officer should inquire whether the man knows the bow of a boat from the stern, or an oar from a rudder? Yet that inquiry contains the principle of examination. It is very true that it would be foolish to examine the man in metaphysics. But nonsense is not an argument against sense. It does not follow, because Albany is north of New York, that Charleston is not south of it. It does not follow, because one kind of examination would be foolish, that another may not be wise.

Obviously, under certain circumstances, any test, however capricious or arbitrary, may be desirable and wise. In the case of the fifty that we have mentioned, if all were equally pressed by influence, and the object were to disregard influence, then, all other things being equal, it would be wise in the appointing officer to select the applicant who could jump farthest, or who could stand on one foot longest, or who could scan a line in Homer most correctly, or solve a mathematical problem most satisfactorily. It is undoubtedly true that such examination would not show the applicant fit for a book-keeper or to gauge molasses. But it would have turned "influence" out of doors. And if the question were of special knowledge, that could be ascertained as all such knowledge is ascertained. If the question were of quickness, address, tact, business faculty, that could be determined in the only possible way, by experience. If special knowledge be necessary, is it more probable that it can be ascertained by the certificate of an interested politician than by actual examination? And if general business tact and discretion be indispensable, can they be adequately determined by the word of a party wire-puller, or by the signatures of worthy gentlemen who sign petitions because they dislike to refuse?

No reform of the civil service can be adequate that does not affect the system, and the first step of all is to understand the evil of the present system. That evil is not the incompetency of office-holders, as it was in England when the movement began in that country. It is the partisan political tenure, growing out of the false theory that in a popular representative government a change of administration requires a change in every officer in the public service. This is the thing to be reformed, and the condition of reform is appointment for fitness without regard to party service or sympathy. If the party consideration affects the conclusion at all, reform is impossible. If Republicans refuse to appoint unless the applicants are Republicans, Democrats will refuse to appoint unless they are Democrats. An election will be what it is now—a contest for the plunder of official salaries, with all the monstrous fraud and injustice and fury that we know. Reform must be radical or useless. And if these are politics too heavenly for erring mortals, reform of the civil service is a dream. But if we can do what Englishmen have done, and if patriotic common-sense is not overpowered by party spirit, reform of the civil service is as practicable as reform of the tariff, or any other reasonable and vital progressive step in government.

PRIVATE VIEWS OF PUBLIC CHARITIES.

One of the most valuable and efficient forms of charity in our day is the voluntary association of men and women to observe the general conduct of public penal and sanitary institutions. Light is not only a police, but it is a cure. A gas jet protects a bank, and a bath of sunshine heals the invalid. Publicity is a light equally healing. The press cures many a wrong by publishing its details; and the inquiry and investigation of the associations of which we speak throw a light upon the interior of public institutions in which abuses of every kind are plainly seen. Public attention is aroused, and the wrong righted. In such institutions abuses easily take root and flourish. They are certainly not likely to be exposed by those under whose apparent responsibility they occur, although often without the real power to correct them. The consequent importance of an observation which both detects and exposes is obvious. The exposure and detection are, however, as serviceable to the managers, and as much designed to serve them, as the public. It is not necessarily a detection of their offenses so much as an exposure of evil systems and their consequences, although such observation is also fatal to incapable or dishonest management.

Distinguished strangers who come to the city of New York are taken to see "the charities." They make the tour of "the institutions." Those who live in the city, however, seldom go. They are content to know that there are such admirable and beneficent agencies, and they complacently share the glory of a great city which maintains so vast and humane a system of relief. To this complacency, however, the late report of the Visiting Committee for Bellevue and other public hospitals to the State Charities Aid Association gives an unexpected shock. "We are wont to boast," says the report, "of the Christian origin of our public charities. The system of New York would bring a blush to the cheek of a pagan." The committee state that for five years they have been visiting the public hospitals of the city, and that for all that time their reports have been monotonous repetitions of complaints of bad construction, bad ventilation, bad drainage, lax discipline, poor food, and insufficient supplies. Yet the officers are always found to be courteous and obliging, and ready to hear every useful suggestion.

The details mentioned in the report justify its strong language. The confusion in the distribution of food, linen, drugs, etc., is both ludicrous and inexcusable. Each patient is entitled to a certain allowance of food, bedding, and drugs. But vegetables are sometimes entirely wanting for weeks. There is always a scant supply of soap. Drugs are so poor as to be useless, and supplies run short every December. There is no linen-room in some of the hospitals, but blankets, bed-quilts, shirts, and shrouds may be discovered among brooms, pails, barrels of sugar, and boxes of tea. In one ophthalmic ward one clean towel a day is allowed for the whole ward; in the ward for skin diseases one clean sheet weekly per bed; and in the gangrene and erysipelas pavilion the orderly has a stock of seven towels for the use of all his patients. In the same Charity Hospital the foul air from the main sewer, which passes through the centre of the cellar, is heated and carried into the wards. On Saturday, January 20, thirty-two of the water faucets in Bellevue were leaking. The committee mention with pleasure, however, that the system of trained nurses is successful, and has produced great improvement.

The criticisms of the committee apply chiefly to Bellevue and Charity hospitals; and they state frankly that no one man is responsible for the existing evils, and no one man can remedy them. To the question what is the practical use of their work, the committee justly reply that in consequence of their representations certain abuses have ceased, and the hospitals are in many respects greatly improved. But the system from which abuses spring remains, and the improvements are in spite of the system. The radical evil, according to the committee, is that the Department of Public Charities and Correction, having properly nothing to do with politics, is simply a political machine. For instance, as one example among many, a position was filled by a person conspicuously and concededly incompetent. The committee suggested a change, and the reply of one of the Commissioners was that the committee were right, but that nobody in the department was powerful enough to make the change. The meaning was that the political influence sustaining the person was too strong for the Board to withstand. Besides this fundamental fault in the system, the work of the Board is much too great and varied for three men efficiently to perform.

The remedy lies, and lies exclusively, with the citizens of New York. We can certainly add nothing to what the committee, composed of some of the most intelligent ladies in the city, of the sincerest interest and of great experience in the subject, say as to the only remedy:

> "When the citizens of New York determine that their public charities are not to be managed with reference to partisan politics, but on enlightened philanthropic principles, we shall have the right administration, and not till then."

THE LOUISIANA COMMISSION.

The character of the gentlemen who compose the Louisiana Commission is the earnest of the thorough and satisfactory manner in which the investigation will be made. They are independent men of the highest character, practically interested in public affairs and familiar with them, and in no low or mean sense politicians. The South Carolina question will be determined in Washington.

In every election there are two vital questions—what votes were cast, and are those votes valid under the law. Mr. Wade Hampton asserts that his party "won." But no party wins except under the law. If it shall appear, as seems to be undeniable, that the title of neither claimant is clear, the question becomes one of settlement in the best interests of the State and the country. The same is true of Louisiana. The title neither of Packard nor of Nicholls is indisputable. The commission will undoubtedly seek for a pacific settlement by common agreement. If that be found to be impracticable, they will report the facts to the President; a decision will then be imperative, because the situation is intolerable. If it be conceded that the Republican government can not be maintained either in Louisiana or South Carolina without the army, and if, as Governor Chamberlain is stated to have said, such a government never has been maintained there without the army, it will be necessary to ascertain how, under the Republican principle and the Constitution of the United States, such a situation can continue.

The conclusions of the Louisiana Commission will be anticipated by the country with great interest. For they will be the verdict of men superior to tricks and intrigue, and bent only upon justice as the basis of the common welfare.

BARGAINS AND PLEDGES.

Those who have asserted or believed that the President had made any bargain before the count was completed to insure his inauguration were, of course, as much mistaken as those who asserted that he was nominated at Cincinnati by a bargain. He was nominated without a pledge, and without a pledge he was inaugurated. It is his sincerity and directness which confuse intriguing politicians. The story of a "guarantee" made for him by Mr. Matthews and Mr. Foster has been completely refuted by the publication of the documents, and by the express statement of Mr. John Young Brown that he scorned the thought of a bargain. The few and simple facts are that Mr. Brown and other Southern men, who felt bound in honor, as their whole party was, to sustain the decision of the Electoral Commission, were yet, as Mr. Brown says for himself, ready and willing to defeat the decision if they supposed it would tend to maintain "the usurpations" in Louisiana and South Carolina, and said so to Mr. Foster, who had just made his speech favoring the withdrawal of the army from those States. Mr. Brown asked him if that would be the policy of Mr. Hayes. As this was the policy presupposed by Mr. Hayes's letter of acceptance, he had naturally written to Mr. Foster approving what he had said, and Mr. Foster offered to show the letter to Mr. Brown and Senator Gordon. They declined to read it, but asked if Mr. Foster would give a written assurance that such would be the policy of Mr. Hayes. Mr. Foster willingly assented, and he and Mr. Stanley Matthews wrote a statement that "from an acquaintance with and knowledge of Governor Hayes and his views, we have the most complete confidence that such will be the policy of his administration."

That was all. Governor Hayes neither made any pledge, nor was any pledge made for him by his authority; and all that was said about pledging was in the first draft of the letter, in which it was said, "we feel authorized from an acquaintance with, etc., to pledge ourselves to you for him that such will be his policy." As Mr. Foster says, he and Mr. Matthews stated to Mr. Brown and Senator Gordon what they believed would be the policy of Mr. Hayes if he became President, and Mr. Brown expressly disclaimed the desire of any bargain or agreement. No bargain was made, no pledge was given. The President's position was stated plainly in his letter of acceptance, and it has not changed. His policy is one of friendly confidence. The measures proper to carry it out must, of course, be a subject of deliberation.

The only thing in the transaction that seems to require explanation is the statement of Mr. Brown. We understand him to say that he felt bound in honor to complete the count. But he adds that if he had thought the completion of the count would help Mr. Packard or Mr. Chamberlain, he would have opposed it. How the fortunes of Messrs. Packard and Chamberlain could affect the honorable duty of Mr. Brown, he does not explain. If his honor bound him to complete the count, it seems to us that it bound him to take the consequences.

PERSONAL.

The recent death in China of the oldest male descendant of Confucius calls attention to the curious fact that this family is the only one which has retained a grand position owing to a pedigree derived from a peaceful thinker. This family holds the highest place in the kingdom, except the throne itself, and has retained it for 202 years longer than the Christian era. The governorship of the district surrounding the tomb of the sage and an estate of 165,000 acres are still held by the representative of the family, which now numbers over 11,000 persons, and all this multitude are subject to him, while he receives royal honors even from the highest officials.

—Colonel Corbin, the new military secretary of President Hayes, unlike his predecessor, is a tall gentleman, and quite military in manner and appearance. He is a brevet lieutenant-colonel in the regular army and captain in the Twenty-fourth Infantry.

—Kenyon College is spreading her feathers on the fame attained by her graduates. President Hayes was a graduate of the class of 1842. Hon. Stanley Matthews, the new United States Senator from Ohio, graduated in 1840; and among others of her sons who have attained distinction may be mentioned Secretary of War Stanton, Henry Winter Davis, Senator David Davis, and Hon. Henry B. Banning. Kenyon College was established in 1825 by Bishop Chase, the first Protestant Episcopal bishop of Ohio, uncle of the late Chief Justice Chase, who spent some time there as a student. The Hon. Stanley Matthews, by-the-way, was once editor of the *Herald*, the first antislavery paper published in Cincinnati. He succeeded its founder, Dr. Bailey, who subsequently established the *National Era* at Washington. His wife is a sister of Mrs. Watterson, the mother of Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

—The graves of ex-President Andrew Johnson and his wife are both unmarked, and are only covered by little wooden sheds.

—From a sketch of Père Hyacinthe published in Edmund Yates's London *World* we quote the concluding paragraph: "The study of the père is open, and he invites you to visit it. A large crucifix hangs on the wall, and there too is the knotted discipline which he used when he was a Carmelite friar. The desk, the floor, perhaps also the bed, are littered with books. There are a few new and recent works, pamphlets of Lavelaye, and Italian and American newspapers hastily cut; but of Bossuet and Rosmini, what numbers of well-thumbed volumes! From their pages the Père Hyacinthe is seeking to compile a catechism which shall be Catholic, but not Tridentine. In speaking he grows animated. The pale, heavy, near-sighted face loses its heaviness. The mouth, the pronunciation, the diction, all are beautiful. This man is born an orator. His very lips seem to be meant for eloquent speech. After an hour you leave the house of the married priest convinced that, if neither prophet, nor philosopher, nor poet, nor perhaps reformer, Loyson is a born orator—the honest spokesman of that great need for liberty and truth to which he has given a most persuasive voice. When exiled from France, he found in Geneva a not uncongenial home. The position was a central one for him, and he is very sensible of the kindness he has met with among the Swiss. But his heart is in France, and as he has many influential friends there, his prospects are brightening. He is allowed this winter to lecture in Paris, and he hopes to be allowed ultimately to make his home not far from the towers of Notre Dame."

—The manner in which Secretaries Thompson and Key made acquaintance was quite unconventional and hearty. As the former was passing out of his hotel for the department, he was suddenly accosted by a gentleman, who said, "Is your name Thompson?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," said the stranger, "my name is Key. We are both in the cabinet. Let us be friends." They shook each other by the hand in the old-time style. Mr. Thompson remarked, "I know we will be much better friends with such an introduction than if we had been more formally presented to each other." Before going to the department, Secretary Thompson visited the White House, when the President facetiously remarked, "I sent your name to the Senate for Secretary of the Navy for two reasons—first, because I desired to have a representative of the old Whig element, which, in the South particularly, I am anxious to develop and enlist in the work of pacification; secondly, because I understand that in early times it was believed there was a connection between the lakes and the Wabash River, and thought you might possibly be able to discover that northwest passage." To this sally Secretary Thompson replied that he presumed he owed his appointment to the recognition by the President of the necessity for a navy-yard at Terre Haute.

—The competition for the making of the colossal equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee is to be open to the sculptors of the whole world. All proposals must be presented by the first Monday in September.

—The Sultan of Turkey is the husband of one wife, and the Sultana is credibly reported to be a Belgian, very pretty, very clever, and once a pupil of Madame Elise. It is not the first time that a Western woman has held the Padishah in sway. The Sultan, who is somewhat of an ingenuous youth, is reported to have inquired of his wife if she had ever met Lady Salisbury. "She was not of my set," was the reply.

—A compliment as graceful as it was unusual was paid in the Surrogate's Court of New York, a few days since, to Mr. Samuel T. Skidmore, one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens. On account of feeble health and advanced age, Mr. Skidmore desired to be relieved from his duties as executor of the will of the late John D. Townsend. In the Surrogate's Court Mr. John D. Townsend, a son of the testator, said: "More than thirty years ago Mr. Skidmore accepted, at the hands of my dying father, the trust which he is to-day prepared to resign.... Yet from that day to this he has, without one cent of remuneration, and with a fidelity to the memory of his old friend and faithfulness to his widow and children unsurpassed, continued to exercise his trust until now. He leaves it increased in value, and bears with him in his later days the affectionate regards of those to whom he has been thus devoted....Sir, I could not refrain at this time from paying this tribute to his worth. It is the wish of the family that Mr. Skidmore's accounts be accepted without investigation." Surrogate Calvin complimented the speaker in saying what he had said, and added that there was great propriety in calling the attention of the court and public to an instance like this. It was a bright spot in the history of the court, where so many had proved false to their trusts, when a case was presented in which all parties in a trust expressed themselves so highly gratified with its management.

—Speaking of the unlimited confidence reposed in Lord Beaconsfield by his party, Edmund Yates says: "He is the idol of a large number of persons remarkable chiefly for their extreme dullness. Themselves unable to form a clear idea, or to clothe that idea in orderly and intelligent language, loose of thought and incoherent of speech, they are seized with a bemuddled admiration when they contemplate the easy exercise of the great gifts of the Prime Minister. To them Lord Beaconsfield is a more than mortal man, and some sentiment of this kind secretly animates most of the Premier's admirers. Yet no man ever less paraded his superiority to his fellows. Indeed, Lord Beaconsfield would have failed to obtain the popularity which he has long secured among the ladies of his acquaintance had he not shown himself a master of those arts by which the heart of society is charmed. Popular in society Lord Beaconsfield undoubtedly is; but so far as the bulk of his countrymen are concerned, admiration, and not popularity, is the sentiment he excites." Another writer says: "There is nothing that Disraeli delights so much in as in presenting all kinds of contrast, social and political, to his predecessor. Mr. Gladstone writes about a hundred letters and postal cards a day in reply to the most trivial inquiries; whereas, an autograph of 'Dizzy's,' with his signature written at full length, is a good deal more scarce than George Washington's."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The following-named gentlemen have accepted the invitation of the President to act as members of the Louisiana Commission: Judge Charles B. Lawrence, of Illinois; ex-Governor J. C. Brown, of Tennessee; General Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut; General John M. Harlan, of Kentucky; and Wayne M'Veagh, of Pennsylvania.

Governor Robinson, of New York, on the 26th ult., vetoed the Public Works Bill.

The mammoth excursion steamer *Rockaway*, launched at Norfolk, Virginia, on the 24th, went ashore at Atlantic City, while being towed to New York, on the 26th. She broke in two, and was abandoned. All the crew were saved.

The new Public Works Bill passed the New York State Senate on the 28th. The Woodin charter passed the Assembly the same day. On the 29th, the Senate passed the Omnibus Bill, and the Assembly the Supply Bill.

Election returns received by the Secretary of State of New Hampshire from all but a few small towns indicate that all the constitutional amendments have been adopted save the first, which proposed to strike out the word "Protestant" from the bill of rights.

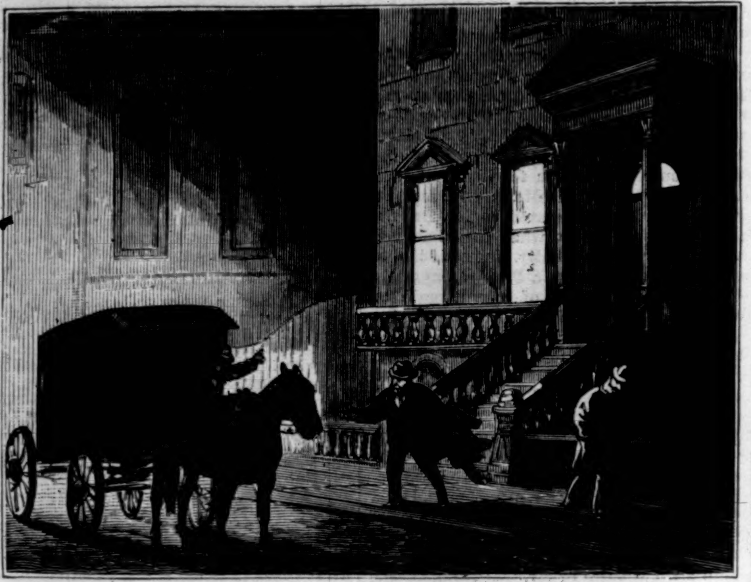
FOREIGN NEWS.

In the British House of Commons, on the 27th ult., Sir Stafford Northcote, in reply to a question by the Marquis of Hartington, said the negotiations about the protocol were still pending, and the conditions were unsettled. He hoped to make a more satisfactory statement after the recess of Parliament. On the 29th, the *Pall Mall Gazette* announced very prominently that England has consented to sign the protocol, Russia having agreed to make a formal agreement to demobilize; but (probably in view of the fact that peace between Montenegro and Turkey is still in suspense, and that a renewal of hostilities might enlarge the theatre of war) England proposes that the protocol become void should there be any failure to fulfill the engagement to demobilize.

A military riot occurred in Mayence on the birthday of the Emperor William. There was a fight between some Prussian and Hessian soldiers. Several were killed and forty wounded.

The fast mail-train from Scotland, known as the "Flying Scotchman," ran off the rails, on the 24th, near Morpeth. The engine, tender, and forward coaches were dashed to pieces. Five persons were killed and many injured.

African advices of January 15 state that the British war steamer *Avon* had destroyed seven villages on the Congo River and killed three natives, as a punishment for plundering the American schooner *Thomas Nickerson*, of New York. This vessel had been captured by the natives, and about thirty tons of coffee were carried off up the country.



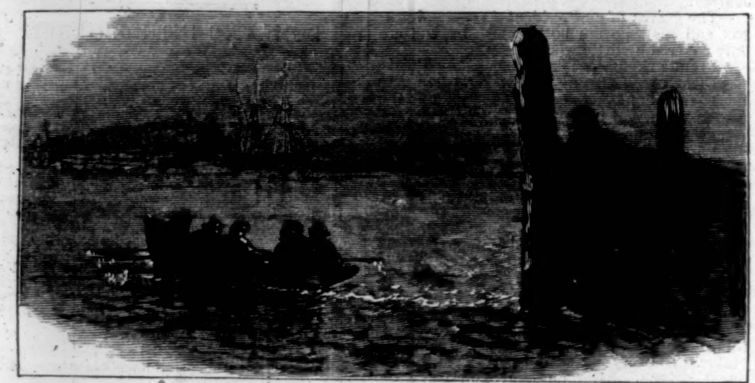
ESCAPE FROM THE SHERIFF'S HANDS INTO THOSE OF THE THIEVES.

WILLIAM M. TWEED.

ROMANCE OF HIS FLIGHT AND EXILE.

The unfounded announcement of the death of Charles O'Conor, about the beginning of December, 1875, was read in Ludlow Street Jail by Tweed, with a feeling the reverse of what might be supposed, under circumstances which had given the Ring chief a notoriety on one side of the bar as great as the fame of O'Conor on the other. Until he realized the fact, Tweed could not imagine that the death of his great antagonist would prove so embarrassing to his interests. But, as he says, the anticipated event which excited so much sorrow in the community was more keenly felt by him than by any body else.

He was engaged at the time in negotiations for his release. Propositions for restitution and a settlement with the State by himself and his fellow-delinquents were favorably entertained, one of the law partners of Edwards Pierrepont (then Attorney-General of the United States, and now minister to England) having the matter in hand. In the event of the decease of O'Conor, Tweed felt that there was no other person with whom he could hope to settle, and the toils in which he was left seemed so hopeless an entanglement that he fell into utter despair. He had battled for years already without result, except that he had squandered his ill-gotten riches upon lawyers and on courts, suffered imprisonment, with the prospect of a life term in Ludlow Street Jail in exchange for his previous place in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Worse than all else, he had sacrificed his property piece by piece, at ruinous prices, under the cloud of legal attachments, to raise the fees for carrying on his legal battles. This had reduced his means, so that, in view of disastrous shrinkage and foreclosures, he found himself brought face to face with actual bankruptcy. The approaching trial of the great six-million suit against him threatened a demand upon his cash resources for fees which he plainly saw he should fail to answer. His remaining possessions were not available to raise ready money, and credit, especially with the lawyers, was out of the question. His money gone, his courage broke down also, and he resolved on flight as the remedy both for his bankruptcy and his hopeless imprisonment. Could he obtain his liberty, he might save some fragments of his estate. From his prison bars he saw his fortune, like a raft broken in the rapids, scattered and helplessly drifting into irretrievable ruin. His costly and numerous counselors had deserted him in battalions, and with his shrinking purse came not only a change of his temper, but of his advisers and followers. In short, having lost the great judges and lawyers of the courts he had created and controlled, he found himself forced to fall back upon their clients, his fellow-prisoners of the jail.



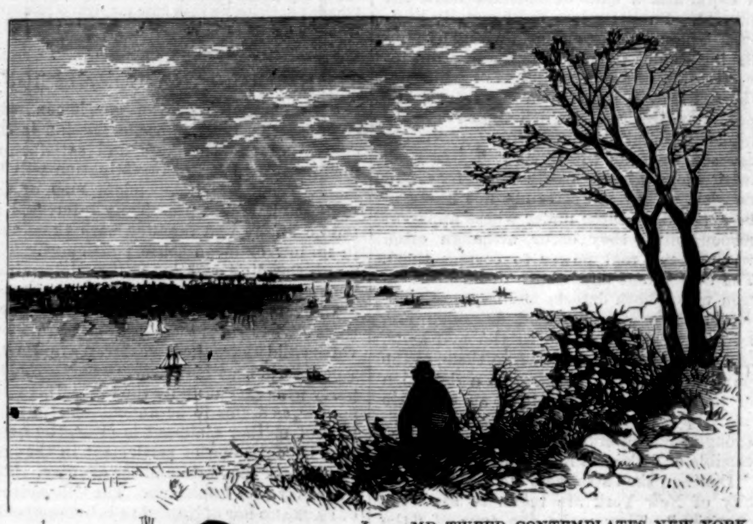
THEIR FERRY FROM NEW YORK TO NEW JERSEY.

Tweed's messmate in Ludlow Street Jail was Charley Lawrence, the silk smuggler, whose extradition led to the abrogation of the treaty with England. He had previously chummed with Tweed in the more agreeable sphere of the Americus Club, of which he was the official secretary, and, in fact, the chief steward and purveyor-general. This person being a client of Judge Pierrepont's office in the extradition matter, Tweed learned all the necessary details of the existing treaties and laws on the subject, from actual consultations in the jail in his presence, and having concluded upon flight, he resolved to reach Spain as the most expedient shelter, in view of the absence of any extradition treaty with that country.

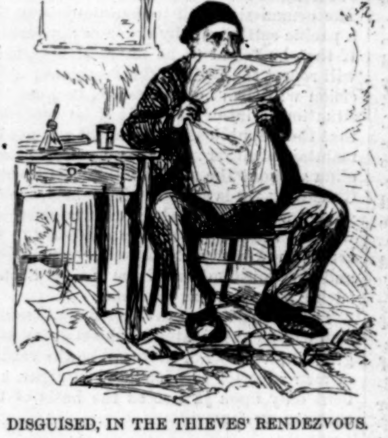
Another of the inmates of Ludlow Street prison was a person of many professional *aliases*, who has since been more safely lodged in a penitentiary in Vermont. He is best known by the name of "Bliss," and was the engineer of the extraordinary Northampton Bank robbery. He was also "professionally" engaged in the famous Washington "safe burglary," which was the occasion of investigation under the late administration of General Grant. This person lodged on the upper floor, and had approached Tweed with the proposal to avail himself of the removal of the iron gratings of his window, which was on the ground-floor, and which would enable them both to escape, the whole matter to be managed from the outside by the associates of "Bliss." The proposition had at first been laughed at by Tweed. He had never previously entertained the idea of flight. He only replied, "What could I do with myself? where could I hope to hide myself?" Concealment for Tweed was, as it seemed to him, an impossibility. But meeting his "professional" neighbor daily in the court-yard of the jail, where they took their exercise, the subject was more definitely discussed, and the outside friends of the "professional" being called in, Tweed was persuaded of the practicability of a plan which they presented, and for the execution of which he engaged to pay a stipulated amount of money. Flight, he had reasoned, must be his only relief. His conferences with his new advisers, peculiarly skilled in such matters, convinced him that this step, if entertained at all, must be taken with such absoluteness as to have no confidants or knowledge of his plans exist among his own friends. He must surrender himself exclusively to the control of those who undertook the job, leaving no entanglement or intelligence behind him by which he could be traced or overhauled. And, accordingly, no member of his family, nor his counsel, nor any friend or person whatever of his previous connections, knew of his proposed flight, or had any part in its execution; neither did they know of his whereabouts at any time, until it had become necessary for him to communicate with them, after his arrest in Cuba by the Spanish officials.

Tweed understood that he was to be taken in charge by a well-organized body of men, distributed throughout the country, having every facility, their connections and method being thoroughly tested and well established. He was furnished with a short key for telegraphic communication, and one for postal facility. The latter included a system of inclosures through five different envelopes, with addresses at removed points. He was to find occasion to visit his house in Fifth Avenue, corner of Forty-third Street, and deliver himself over, secretly and unattended, at his own door. The execution of the agreement included his landing in Spain, or under the Spanish flag, and on Spanish territory, safely and secretly. He was given the name of John Secor, by which he was to be known to his new connections, and his personal identity and his own name were to be concealed from all persons, without exception, from the moment he passed out of his own stoop. The exact minute of departure was fixed at eight o'clock in the evening, not more than one minute before to one minute after that hour exactly. The time of his flight was left undetermined. But he was to visit his house on certain days, and, when the whole train was ready, a sign was to be given by a certain secret mark upon the stoop, which he could see as he ascended the steps.

Accordingly, Tweed took occasion to obtain from the sheriff and his keepers the usual "privilege of the jail yard," to visit his family and transact some business. The sheriff being allowed by law to treat prisoners for debt to this privilege, as necessary for the purpose of enabling them to get bail and look after their suits, it becomes one of the perquisites of that officer, and also a principal responsibility and risk, for the exercise of which he gives his bonds. Tweed, being held on civil process, stood in a different light from his former attitude under a penal sentence. In leaving his jail he exercised a right in which he had only the sheriff to consult, being with him discretionary and a legitimate matter of fees or costs within the county limits. Several such visits having been made to his house at the usual hour, after dark, he secretly made some preparation of personal matters, and, putting his business affairs in as good order as possible, finally reached the 4th of December, 1875, which proved the occasion of his departure.



MR. TWEED CONTEMPLATES NEW YORK FROM THE PALISADES.



DISGUISED, IN THE THIEVES' RENDEZVOUS.

On the evening of that day he was driven in the customary hack, attended by two keepers, to his house. Ascending the stoop, he saw the sign. It was about half past seven o'clock, and a dreary December evening. The signal at once aroused him with a starting shock, and (as he describes the occurrence) his blood and his nerves were filled with an electrical excitement which thrilled every fibre of his frame. Controlling himself with some effort, he led his attendants to their wonted and welcome feast, which on this occasion was amply provided in the dining-room.

Mr. Tweed concealed his excitement by an affected display of appetite and a nervous and officious attention to his guests. The clock on the mantel, which had been carefully regulated, seemed to him to be almost immovable, as the hands developed the slow minutes of the half hour preceding eight o'clock. The keepers ate, and he took care, also, that they drank. The meal engaged the profound attention of the men, and they put in their time effectively and promptly. But Mr. Tweed says he thought he never had assisted at so anxious and dilatory a service of courses. He dreaded, on the one hand, to serve them so hurriedly as to have them rise and get in his way, and, on the other, he feared his detention with them beyond the close restriction of his moment of departure. This anxiety somewhat obscured the fluctuation of his resolution, which from time to time brought revulsions impelling him to give up the escape altogether.

But at just the right moment one of the keepers rose and went to the wash-basin in the room to wash his hands, and get ready for the luxurious and usual cigar after dinner. Tweed took the opportunity, rose also, and saying he would wash in the adjoining room, he passed into the hall, closing the door as he left the room. He quickly took the first hat and coat and slipped out the front-door. He was a fugitive! He saw the hack before the door without the driver, who also took advantage of the occasion in the kitchen. Not a person or a sound appeared to respond to his appointment. It was not quite one minute past eight. The revulsion of his previous excitement seemed to have set in, and he began to experience peculiar sensations.

He had stolen forth from his home to place himself in the hands and guidance of a picketed gang of desperadoes! As he shrunk back under the shadow of the stoop, it seemed to him a long period of doubt and self-examination, until his attention was attracted by the noise of wheels, and he saw a common tradesman's wagon, such as is used by grocers and express drivers. He saw also a man's arm reach out from the cover, which was the sign that it was for him. As he descended the stoop he also saw a man passing slowly, which caused him to hesitate; but this person said, in a low tone, "All right; get in the wagon." So he scrambled into the covered wagon, which drove quickly around the block into Madison Avenue; but as they got there, a car having run off the track, some mounted police and passengers stood in the way, and the fugitive was stopped for two or three minutes. Before the car was righted and he had started again the suspense seemed to him an age. The presence of the police, the possibility of his detection and capture, the sense of flight, brought out a vivid realization of his situation. He had borne the indignities and the privations of his prisons and his punishment heretofore, but that seemed something voluntary. Like the Indian in captivity and torture, he did not heed it.

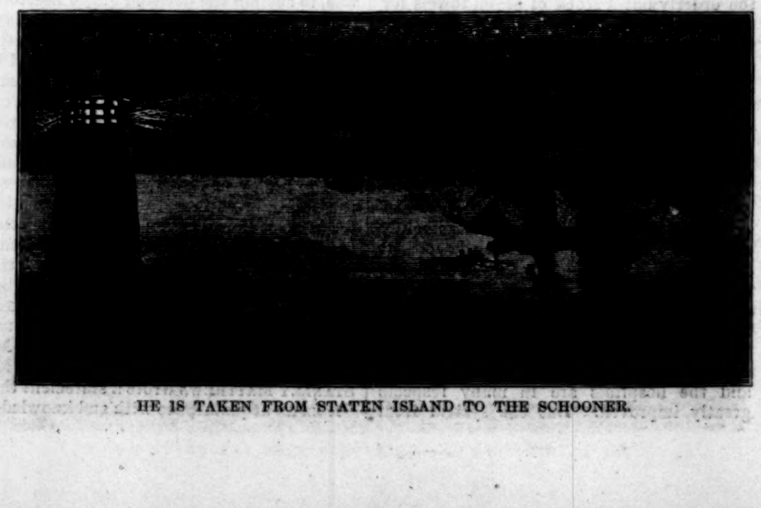
Mr. Tweed dates from this inception of his flight a complete change, which has since taken full possession of his character and his tone of mind. Many hours and days of like experience have since deepened his emotions, and all who have seen him since his return, and who knew him in his previous pride, have been struck with the revolution in his mental condition.

The wagon soon started again, and drove zigzag across the city toward the North River, which was soon reached, and beside a big truck on the pier they stopped.

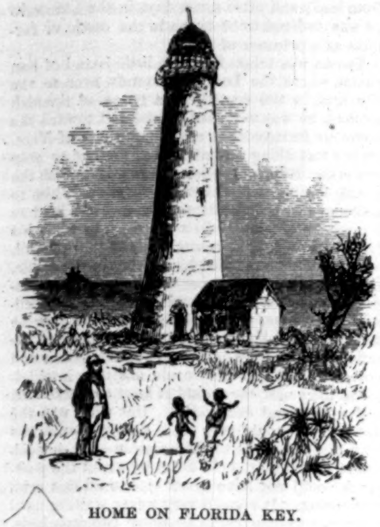
The driver said, "Get out on the river side."

Tweed got out, seeing that the truck covered him from observation as he alighted.

A man stood near the truck also, who indica-



HE IS TAKEN FROM STATEN ISLAND TO THE SCHOONER.



HOME ON FLORIDA KEY.

ted that Tweed was to descend into a row-boat, in which he quickly embarked and crossed to the Jersey side. The place of this departure may be indicated as in a comparatively direct line from Tweed's house at Forty-third Street, possibly not very far away from Weehawken Ferry. This is a lonely and unfrequented locality at night, and the opposite shores of Jersey present the first bluffs of the magnificent Palisades. The rocky shores of the river under the Palisades have been modified in their wildness of aspect by a road which reaches to Fort Lee, with occasional steep ascending roadways used by the quarrymen cutting out and carting the Belgian pavements.

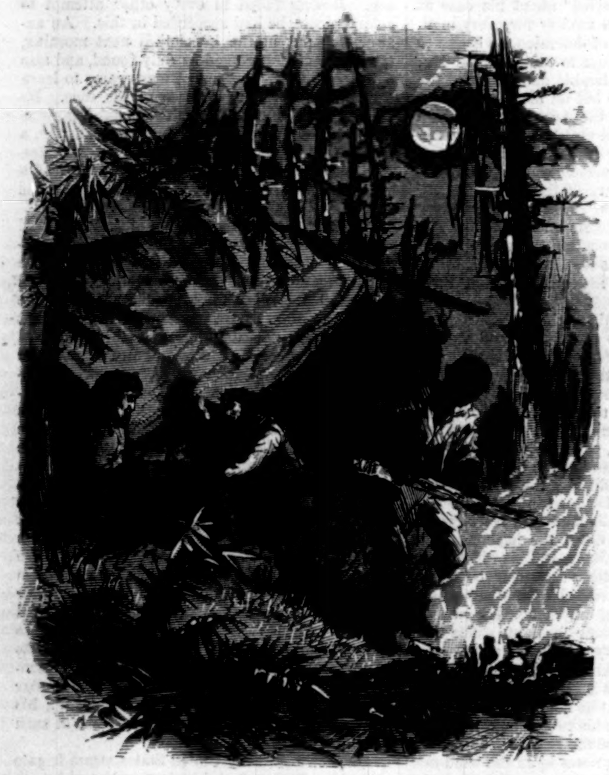
The row-boat landed Tweed at an unfrequented spot in this neighborhood, not far distant from the well-known place where Alexander Hamilton was killed in the duel with Aaron Burr. There he was met by another vehicle in waiting for him on the shore road, when he was driven off into the region beyond the river and the Palisades, climbing and descending as occasion was, but in a direction and to a termination where he never had been before, and could not now ascertain or indicate. This lonely ride in the darkness made half or three-quarters of an hour, mainly at a rapid pace when not delayed by the unfavorable roadway. They passed into the peculiar region beyond the Palisades, where the aspect of the scenery may be found as wild and primitive as in the Adirondacks, and a refugee would be far more likely to escape observation. Skirted by picnic taverns and Sunday beer-gardens, the population of this picturesque territory is chiefly German. Back from the river there are few travelled highways, and the few old farm-houses have a dilapidated and deserted appearance.

Reaching one of these decayed and unobtrusive homesteads, Tweed was received by another of his new-found friends, who greeted him quietly with assurances of kindness and safety. Being led into the house, his host tendered him the use of accommodations either on the ground-floor or the one above. After examination, the second story was chosen.

In this refuge Tweed continued from his arrival, the 4th day of December, until about the first week in March.

After a fitful night's rest, the fugitive rose next morning to realize that he was an exile at his own threshold, as it were. From the neighboring bluffs or hills he could see his home in the city of New York, which he dared not visit, and where he was "born and raised." When could he again return to it? His present resting-place was intended to last until it was convenient for him to start for Spain, after a little further delay for preparations. But it was months before he set out, or could tear himself away from New York.

The first care in the morning was to put on his disguise and transform himself into his assumed personality, "Mr. John Secor," an invalid gentleman, seeking merely a little rest and fresh air, as well as relief from business pressure. So, his whiskers being shaven off, and his hair clipped short, he put on a wig. The removal of the whiskers gave his features, his jaws, and cheek-bones greater prominence, and with the wig and a pair of gold spectacles, he was quite transformed. The wig was of reddish-yellow hair, crinkled or curled in appearance, cut square, and quite well down on his neck.

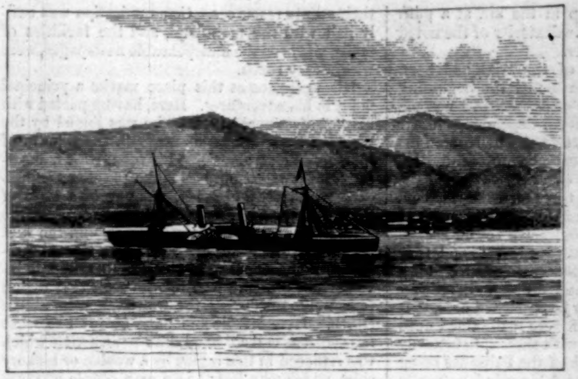


SECOR AND HUNT CAMPING IN THE EVERGLADES.

The next anxiety of the day was to get the newspapers. It seems to have been a most exciting sensation to him when they were obtained. Nothing but Tweed. Column after column and whole pages on his flight, the search by the sheriff and detectives, the theories and conjectures of the reporters, the proclamation of reward officially, the communications and letters from every quarter. The uproar seemed unprecedented, and at once it had its effect upon him. It was occupation for his mind. He read each day, and had every paper he could get brought to him. The excitement of the search was peculiarly his. Many times, as some corner of the discussion seemed to point toward his hiding-place, he started up to go upon his voyage, then waited until the next day's batch of news, and was diverted from the idea. Reading the papers was his chief occupation. He seldom ventured out-of-doors in the daytime. A walk in the early morning, and an occasional late sundown ride in the covered country wagon through the unfrequented wooded lanes, filled up the routine of his time for several weeks. After that, he got an opportunity to watch the impaneling of the struck jury, and finally wound up with a naturally absorbing interest in the daily reports of the trial in the famous six-million suit against him, as elaborately presented in the New York papers.

It was during this opportunity of quiet and meditation, which his surrounding circumstances for the first time afforded him in many years, that the striking change began which has been observed in him since his return, and which the scattered indications in the brief diaries which he kept, clearly indicate. It is important to note this here, as a key to the concluding events of his extraordinary story.

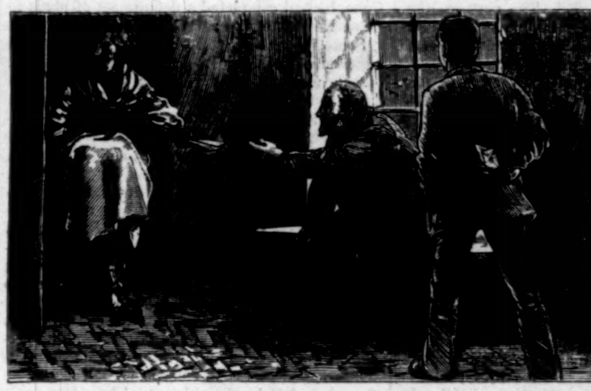
THE LANDING IN CUBA—SHELTERED FROM THE HEAVY DEW.



A FILIBUSTERO ON THE "CHERRUCA."

The article published in *Harper's Weekly* on the Court of Appeals came out three days after the flight of Tweed. He never saw it until his return from Spain, but he read the discussions it had created, and saw the influence it exercised on the judiciary, which proved to be of the greatest importance to his destinies. O'Conor was not dead, but his condition was supposed to be such as to preclude any idea of his being ever able to resume his position in the courts again. The Ring men had nearly all fled, and there seemed to be nobody to carry on the unfortunate suits. The responsibility of a record which began to excite a good deal of odium against the judges could no longer be shifted from them, and no amount of political manœuvring could head off the increasing scandal. Tweed had left no instructions about his cases, nor did his bondsmen or friends desire to move in them. But through the secret influence of the judges the matter was put on its legs, and Judge Westbrook, whose decisions had been reversed before, was made the medium of a change of policy, which had also been distinctly intimated in the denial of a minor motion in the case of Tom Fields, one of the Ring suits, by the Court of Appeals.

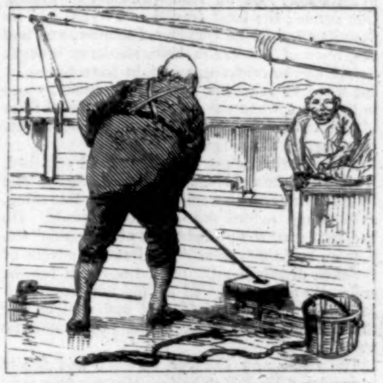
Judge Westbrook had written in the general term what is known as the cumulative judgment decision of the Supreme Court, supporting the sentence of cumulative penalties inflicted on Tweed, and which the decision of the Court of Appeals had reversed. He was identified with the decisions in the Ring suits from the first, having been sought by reason of his peculiar ability, and his acknowledged independence of the influences which had been so manifest elsewhere in the courts. When the case of the Assistant State Treasurer Phelps came before him, it was presumed that he would treat it in the usual way as a mere misdemeanor or a breach of trust. In fact, the delinquent Phelps, who had in his capacity as a public officer embezzled some forty or fifty thousand dollars, went to a high legal practitioner in Albany, and in a panic took advice as to his difficulties. The lawyer advised him of the trivial punishment and comparative immunity hitherto usual in such cases; and taking courage again, he returned to his official post, and increased the amount of his theft to upward of three hundred thousand dollars. But on his trial before Westbrook, the surprise was developed of sending him, under heavy sentence, as a felon to the penitentiary, and establishing such acts under the common law as punishable like any other robbery.



THE MAIL SECRETLY BROUGHT TO THE DUNGEON AT VIGO.

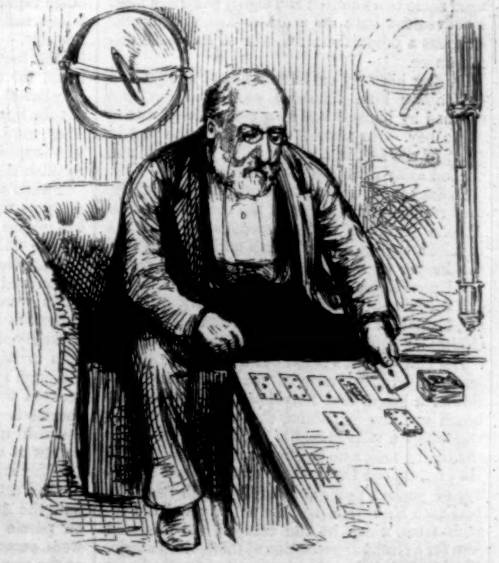
It is a curious coincidence, also, that during the administration of President Pierce, Westbrook was a member of Congress with Tweed, the latter having influentially exerted himself to procure the appointment of United States District Attorney for the man who has since so signally dissolved the "Tweed influence" on the bench. It should be remarked here, perhaps, that Judge Westbrook, having voted for the famous Kansas-Nebraska Bill, declined the appointment in question at the hands of Pierce, as it might seem like a payment for his vote—a delicacy not elsewhere manifested on that occasion by others. As a judge, his decisions and rulings have been marked by great clearness and simplicity, his gentleness of manner and delivery being entirely wanting in any effort at oratorical or dramatic effect.

In view of the severity of the attacks which have been made upon our State judiciary, this recognition, in a different key, would seem to be due to the judge who finally disposed of Tweed's case. Its importance in tracing the course of the latter is absolute. Tweed watched the proceedings as if he were a spectator and listener, where he sat in his retreat, viewing through his window the masts of the distant shipping and the house-tops, just dimly visible in the smoke of the horizon. Tweed knew well the temper of his judge, and in one regard it was the same to him whether he was on the ground to help, or out of sight and reach. Indeed, he conjectured that the inclination of the judge would be less severe, in view of the obvious absence of all appearance of influence from him (Tweed). He watched the defeat of the motion for a dismissal, and scanned with wonder the unprecedented and then novel proceedings for a "struck jury." Of course he could know nothing of the secret counsels held by the juniors at the sick-bed of O'Conor. The latter at Fort Washington, almost in a direct line across the river, and quite in sight of the hiding-place of the fugitive, had suddenly roused up from his long and extraordinary lethargy. He became convalescent, got out of bed, and rivaled Tweed himself in his growing interest in the trial.



THE VOYAGE TO VIGO—SHIPS BEFORE THE MAST.

Tweed had certainly made definite plans for his future in leaving his prison. But once at large, he lingered, intensely anxious that the result of the trial might admit of his return. He saw by the reports that the adroitness of David Dudley Field, in the absence of his old antagonist, Charles O'Conor, indicated an easy rout of the junior counsel, into whose hands the case for the people had dropped. The witnesses came on the stand from the public offices, from the city banks. Garvey and Ingersoll came. Mr. Tilden, the subsequent candidate for the Presidency, was put to the question. Tweed watched it all. He was certain, from appearances, that the prosecution of the suit was breaking down. The counsel, with their witnesses, and the proofs on the side of the people, seemed to him (as he describes it) like the stereotyped scene in a pantomime, where the great blower appears, and sends every body and every thing



SOLITAIRE ON THE U. S. FRIGATE "FRANKLIN."

off the stage, or flying up in the air, at a puff. Such seemed the irresistible dexterity of the noted cross-examiner and codifier.

All these proceedings of the trial had been strung out, and had now reached the beginning of March. The suspense of Tweed had become intense. Upon the near event depended whether he should return to his native city or resume his flight and seek a permanent place of exile. He had occupied his present quiet retreat since the 5th of December, making three months. He continued under the control of the two men who had managed his escape and contracted for his safety. He did implicitly what they directed, and they held him in hand like trainers. He slept, he rose, he walked, he rode, ate, and drank only as they instructed him, and it may be remarked here, that this discipline and relation were maintained until he closed his engagement with them satisfactorily in Florida. His days back of the Palisades being spent in strict seclusion, all his mind naturally centred upon reading the daily reports of the trial. And as the great length of the proceedings naturally grew monotonous, even to him, he was suddenly startled one day, on receiving his papers, by seeing the announcement, in the customary sensation head-lines, that Charles O'Conor had re-appeared in his case before Judge Westbrook! Of all resurrections and ghosts, this seemed the most fearful to Tweed. As he describes it, had he committed murder, and had the body of his victim been suddenly brought before him to confront, he might have felt as he did when he read the strikingly dramatic scene in the court, when the white and emaciated form of the venerable pleader rose and resumed his cause before the judge.

All hope for Tweed at once seemed vanished. He had conjectured some brilliant technical stroke by his counsel which would quash the whole thing, as they did before the Court of Appeals. He had estimated the probabilities of "hanging" the jury on some disagreement. But the advent of O'Conor dissolved all. He did not wait for the end. He again gathered up his now scanty effects. If he (Tweed) did not make an end of this thing, O'Conor never would. Once more he was done.

The scene now changes. Tweed had finally surrendered himself to exile. He took up a temporary abode about half a mile from Fort Wadsworth, at the Narrows, in a fisherman's hut, with his two companions. This shanty had been used by some shad fishermen, but the obstruction which their poles made caused their removal by order of "G. W. B.," the famous guardian of New York Harbor. The shad-man's hut was therefore vacant, until the distinguished occupancy by this other great friend of New York city and its less liquid highways, "W. M. T." The cottage, like others of the kind, was of small dimensions, with a tier of bunks or berths, like the forecastle of a ship. Here the party staid for two weeks making preparations. How they escaped the Argus-eyes of the many joint and several Associated Press agents during this retreat on Staten Island is indeed a miracle—the very home of the agent of the Associated Press, Mr. Simonton, and the thickest haunt of the reporters, as well marine as ultramarine, special, regular, and regular special! Mr. Tweed not only lived at this shad-man's hut for two weeks, but even made a visit across the channel, and stopped a night in Brooklyn! This was fairly the beginning of a course of rough life and free adventure which lasted until his arrest in Santiago de Cuba.

The judgment for $6,000,000 and upward, which had now been entered up against him, sat as lightly, after all, upon his new resolution as the old badge of "Big Six" upon his breast in the early days of the old New York fire-laddies in the Bowery. He fully realized that the bail (not the judgment) was a barrier which had been most ingeniously devised to banish him forever from the old haunts. It was as firm and relentless a decree as ever Venice had enforced in her bitter and relentless edicts of the secret chambers of the Council of Ten. But he had, in fact, far more apprehension and concern now about the prospective ocean voyage and the detestable seasickness than about O'Conor, and the knapsack Westbrook had strapped upon his back. However, he dodged the main question of the seasickness by devising a coasting expedition by which, reaching Florida and thence crossing the Spanish Main, he might in easy stages land under the protection of the Spanish flag. His physique usually averaged some two hundred and eighty pounds, a most inconvenient bulk on a sea-voyage, and in seasickness a proportionate source of increased disturbances.

During his stay on Staten Island a light and fast-sailing little schooner was fitted out, and manned by himself and two companions, with a negro boy. He started at last from the pier in front of the fort in a row-boat, in the night, and slipped away upon a pleasant breeze.

In due course, and without any thing noticeable, they reached the lagoons on the coast of Florida. At one of the light-house stations they made a definite stoppage again, Tweed taking board with the keeper of the light as John Secor, an invalid gentleman seeking a restoration of health and the recreations of fishing and hunting. Here, too, he parted with his guides from New York, closing his contract with them at that place.

His new quarters stood out in the surf, upon a long and irregular strip of sandy sea-beach, outside of a bright and limpid lagoon between this beach and the main-land, the lagoon averaging about half a mile in width. Here, in this lonely shelter, he took a melancholy and meditative rest. He experienced for the first time in years a feeling of perfect peace and safety which began to fascinate him. His restless activity and the tumult from which he had escaped had prepared him for a strong appreciation of this forlorn abode. The keepers, a simple and contented family, knew nothing beyond this blank life of their duty and their scanty resources. Communication was easily had with the main-land, and the facilities of mails, and even the indispensable newspaper, were within easy reach.

His residence at this place marks a principal point in his adventures. Here, having parted with his "professional" friends, he was joined by the person who is known as Hunt in the reports of his subsequent arrest. This man, with a smattering of medical phrases and a practiced experience as hunter and guide, was one of a class of local characters, like the guides or trappers, the men of the mountains, the prairies, and the wild border-life of the West. In Florida the chief resource of profit for this class is to pilot the invalids and pleasure parties who seek that region for its climate during the winter months at the North. Here Mr. Tweed bade farewell to what the denizens call a "biled shirt"—an article which was replaced in this region by a woolen or hickory shirt, which may last the owner a couple of years (and frequently does without washing). The other articles of costume usually are a high pair of jack-boots, truncated pants tucked inside the boots, and a slouched or straw hat. The hunting knife, pistols, belts, blanket, and wallets are added, like pepper and salt, to suit the taste.

The new guide soon led Tweed into his own haunts in the interior of Florida. With a camping blanket and necessary arms they set forth, and Tweed entered upon the fascinations of a life which seemingly offers no serious prospects of hardship in that climate. They kept out of the range of the regular tourists, and got well beyond the settled borders into the tropical wilderness. The everglades and forest life had the usual glitter and gorgeous aspects while the sense of novelty lasted. He speaks of many pleasures in his adventures during this expedition; but overtaken in due season by the torrid months, he was driven back, and took up his residence in the neighborhod of St. Augustine. It would be a commonplace matter to recite Tweed's local experience with the details of camp life, hunting, fishing, and seeking the usual expedients for killing time and the mosquitoes. It does not appear that Florida engaged his attention so much by its peculiar life, climate, and scenery, as it influenced him by the rest and self-review which it afforded him. Contemplating himself in the light of an Ishmaelite, and like the last of the Seminoles, Billy Bowlegs, driven out of civilized haunts into the everglades and the uninhabited wildernesses, he returned to the cooling breezes of the sea-shore near the suburbs of St. Augustine, and there deliberately planned a new sphere and a new life of usefulness, if not of repentance and reparation.

When he left this place in a fishing smack for Cuba, he had completed a definite set of plans to be carried out on his arrival in Spain.

Some forty miles' sail brought Tweed and his companion to the coast of Cuba, some ten miles outside the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. The fisherman who brought them from the American coast did not dare to confront the Spanish officials with a freight which he strongly suspected was contraband. It was a bright moonlight night as they made the point chosen for a landing. Tweed had already become habituated to the by-ways frequented by his guides, and, even where he might have taken one of the regular steamers plying among the West India ports, he quite naturally continued his course as he had started, keeping himself away from the regular channels in which he might be inconveniently recognized.

There was no kind of habitation within sight, and the hour, notwithstanding the moonlight, precluded a search. Hunt wrapped himself in the blanket, and was soon asleep on the rock where they were left by the skipper. There was nothing unexpected or accidental in their situation. Camping out had been their custom for some months past. Avoiding the towns and settlements for the open country was also their habit. When the morning came, they looked around the shores of a bay that curved inland from where they were camping. On the opposite point a fisherman's cot was to be seen, and they observed a boy coming down to the beach. They beckoned to him with handkerchiefs, and he raised a lateen sail on the little craft and crossed to them, and bore them back to his father, who received them at the hut. After some breakfast prepared here, they arranged to be taken up to the city of Santiago de Cuba—which name the inhabitants shorten by using merely the last, "Cuba." Another rapid drift in the morning breeze with the lateen sails, and they landed upon the dock in the city. Here they were promptly confronted by the inevitable custom-house officers. A demand for their passports led to the production of what they had—an American passport without the Spanish *visé* at any regular landing-place. They were at once arrested. Their appearance was suspicious, and they were sent on board the Spanish man-of-war in the harbor, the *Cherucca*.

Tweed's arrival at Santiago is noted in his diary as the 12th of June, '76, about 2 P.M., and his release from on board the *Cherucca* at 1 P.M. on the 23d. The change and arrival of a new Captain-General at Havana had caused both suspicion and delay in their case. The Cuban patriots were manifesting much activity, and all American arrivals were strictly watched. Then a variety of rumors had started up about the two men arriving in this mysterious manner, which, although subjecting them to a strict surveillance, secured them, nevertheless, a distinguished and courteous entertainment by the officers of the Spanish man-of-war. The diary contains the names of these officers in detail, and indicates a familiar and kindly intercourse with the Captain of the Port, until Mr. Alfred N. Young, of Cincinnati, the American consul, procured their release on parole by becoming bond for them. They were accordingly able to take up their quarters at the principal hotel, kept in the name of Adeli Lascelles, where they occupied two comfortable rooms until their case should be passed upon at Havana.

The routine here was merely one of delay. Tweed notes his walks, his rides in the volante, the streets and public places, the churches and buildings, the hot days, and their negro processions and carnivals. His social contact, through the American, French, and English consuls' residences, with the local society seems to have been free and cordial, with dinners, picnics, and excursions around the city. The 30th of June, Consul-General Hall telegraphs a reply to Mr. Young, the consul at Santiago: "The case of Secor and Hunt will be attended to as soon as papers arrive." A couple of captains of American merchant vessels, also delayed for custom-house infractions, made his companions at the hotel, and afforded him a sympathetic concert in maledictions against Spanish embargoes. On the 2d of July the telegraph announced the nominations at St. Louis of Tilden and Hendricks, of which ticket his anticipations were not altogether cheerful. His attention was recalled by the French consul to one of his previous schemes by an examination of some pictures of Rio Janeiro, where this gentleman had formerly acted as consul. Tweed remarks that he had originally contemplated making Brazil his place of refuge, but the arrival of the Emperor, Dom Pedro, in the United States made the idea unadvisable. The Centennial of America, the Fourth of July, he duly celebrated with the inevitable fire-works in the evening from the balcony of the Hôtel Lascelles, the demonstration being highly appreciated by a concourse of the "chattels," mainly in a state of nature, and absolute independence as to any apparel. On the 7th of July, having been detained a month, he concluded to settle down and make the best of it by employing a teacher of Spanish, and utilizing his time in acquiring a knowledge of the language. His teacher was a clerk in the customs, and a capable man, with whom he expresses his satisfaction, making fair progress in his daily lessons. On the 11th he notes the receipt of funds and the sale of his bills on the United States at ten per cent. premium. He began to grow "nervous and worried" about his case at Havana, and waited with anxiety for every mail. In view of the prospect of detention, he began to look about him for a house to rent, complaining, nevertheless, of the intolerable oppression of the climate, which began to tell on his health. The departure of his friend, the American consul, on a furlough to the United States, he mentions enviously, as also, the same day, he chronicles gloomily the execution of a person who is taken out and shot in the outskirts of the city. He saw the parade of the victim through the town, escorted by a guard of soldiers and a band of music. At the place of execution the man was put upon his knees, blindfolded, with his back to the soldiers, and shot. A little harder than three millions bail.

At last the Vice-Consul and the Consul-General, the Captain of the Port at Santiago and the Admiral of Marine at Havana, were brought into accord, and he was permitted to engage passage in the Spanish bark *Carmen* for Barcelona and Vigo. Having given security to report at Vigo to the Captain of the Port there, he went on board and sailed the 27th of July, paying $548 for himself and companion as the cost of the trip. Aroused on the morning of sailing by the bugle of the steam gun-boat *Tornado* (the captor of the *Virginius*), he saw with delight at last the slow departure of their bark down the harbor in the light breeze. Captain Julia and his officers are complimented in the diary for their courteous treatment. The daily record of the voyage has the usual monotony of any other log at sea. Skirting the Cuban coast in light winds and calms, he began a heavy experience of his long-deferred horror, seasickness, which stuck to his ample stomach until it had reduced his weight materially. His weight at home was more than 280 pounds, whereas on his return he had shrunk down to 160 pounds, and the sea had mainly done this work on him. His notes upon the wind and progress of the ship present the usual daily chronicle until about the 5th of September, when they began to cross the track of the Mediterranean fleets, bound in and out from Gibraltar. Here the number of the vessels and the busy preparations on board the *Carmen* indicated the close of the protracted voyage. Its effect on him may be well illustrated by the remark in his journal: "I still keep on the cloth [summer] pants, a pair made for me in June, 1873, as the mark tells me. They are about ten inches too large around the waist, so I think I must have decreased some in size there since that time." Of his living he says: "No appetite. Bowl of soup for breakfast. Soup made of a few hard sailor biscuit boiled in hot water and seasoned with thyme, and then a quantity of oil poured into and boiled with it, making a cracker or biscuit soup; no other seasoning than the oil, which seems to be the prevailing mixture in all the cooking on board." This diet, with a little sherry, he partook of merely in quantities to prevent the pangs of an empty stomach. Approaching Vigo, he expresses his longing for fresh meat at last, or a little fruit. He says: "I do try to eat what is provided, but I can not do it; my stomach instantly turns when I get a taste of garlic, and as that is the only flavoring they use in cooking, I am sure to get it in the first mouthful. I have not eaten more than two plates of soup and a few soda biscuits in two days, and I begin to feel the necessity for food."

On September 6, after a voyage of forty-two days, the *Carmen* arrived in the beautiful bay of Vigo. Boarded by the custom-house and health officers, the anchor was cast at quarantine, a small island in the centre of the bay, where the Lazaretto buildings stand, and to which they were transferred for the usual cleansing and fumigations. Tweed found himself formally arrested here; his diary, papers, and baggage were taken from him; and after seven days in the Lazaretto he was ordered to be taken to the castle or fortress as a prisoner of state.

Tweed was taken from the little island of San Simon, where the Lazaretto stands, over to the city, and, in the custody of a guard of Spanish soldiers, he was marched up the hill toward the castle or fortress that crowns the city of Vigo. On his way along the steep road he had to stop and rest. Here he tried to communicate with the guard, but his defective Spanish enabled him to make out with difficulty that he must be held as a prisoner of state. In a maze as to what his fate must now be, he resumed his toil up the hill, and in due time reached his destiny in the castle. Ushered into an apartment, he found it to comprise a stone floor, stone walls, and a stone ceiling. There was nothing else except the door he had entered and a narrow window. They had the satisfaction, at least, of being shut in together and not separated. If they could not talk intelligibly to the guard, they could at least converse with and understand each other. But what was the use? They could not even satisfy themselves with conjectures as to the occasion of their position. Certainly the old difficulty about the passports could not have given rise to all this grim proceeding. It seemed very weary waiting until a servant-woman came, bringing two iron beds, with bedding, Spanish fashion, on her head. Indication was made by Tweed that he desired to see the officer of the guard or governor of the castle. But his efforts merely enabled him to have permission to get temporary wants satisfied from a hotel or tavern. Food, such as they desired to pay for, with beer or wine, and some matting for the floor, were provided; and they started in with some idea of patience and cheerfulness, waiting what might next turn up.

One morning when the woman who took charge of their room brought their food from the hotel, she attracted attention, by her gestures, to the slop-bucket she had just emptied. After she left with the sentinel, who always watched her when she came, Tweed examined the empty bucket, and found she had left him a note from his son. Having failed in every other attempt to communicate, he had succeeded in this. An answer was put in the bedclothes next morning, which the chamber-maid as duly found, and also delivered. In this manner Tweed came to learn something of the new phase of his case. He learned that he was held by the Spanish government, and supposed to be Secretary Belknap, a fugitive Minister of War of the United States. And this, at least, gave him the prospect of a release, his imprisonment being based on some mistake or Spanish blunder.

Another scene which grew out of the new postal arrangement was the finding of one of the epistles placed in the bedclothes by Soledad, the chamber-maid. One of these happened to fall into the hands of Hunt, who observed that the address to John Secor was superseded by what had until then been unknown to him, the real name of his companion, William M. Tweed. The result of this revelation proved temporarily unpleasant. Hunt exclaimed in astonishment, asking if his companion was actually the notorious Tweed. He broke out in indignation when he found such was the fact. He protested that he had never done any thing against the law to merit this association, and he stamped and swore and wanted the governor of the castle brought that he might vindicate himself and be set at liberty, or at least set apart from his notorious companion. He was not pacified, nor was there much comfortable feeling possible between them for the remainder of the fourteen days of their incarceration. By that time the *Franklin* had arrived, and they were taken duly on board, where explanation was more practicable. Hunt was clamorous on the way to the ship when he learned of the presence of the United States consular agent, protesting his American citizenship, his rights, and his entire ignorance of Tweed as such until the discovery in the castle.

Once on board the United States steam-frigate *Franklin*, Tweed found at last solid and intelligible ground to occupy. The commander said, as he received him from the Spanish soldiers and officers, that his instructions were to bring Tweed to New York; and to Tweed he also said what his mission was, and producing a photograph, said he was satisfied to receipt for him and bear him back accordingly, assuring him of his kindest feelings and of every courtesy and attention on the voyage back, placing at his disposal one of his best state-rooms, and extending to him the privileges of the officers' mess. As to Hunt, the commander had no knowledge, and would, if requested, extend to him the same privileges, or he was free to go ashore if he preferred.

Mr. Tweed's son had liberty to communicate freely with his father, which he availed of. As to Hunt, he speedily took himself out of sight of Tweed, and went off, returning, however, in restored good nature, with young Tweed, when he found there was no more danger of detention. As a token of reconciliation, and fraternity too, he left as a little keepsake the usual compliments of a certain class on parting with their friends in difficulty—a file, a whipsaw, and a jimmy chisel.

The rest of the story of Tweed up to his return to Ludlow Street Jail again has been widely published already. He was handed over to the sheriff on the 23d of November, 1876.

Secluding himself a little from lawyers and reporters, he has maintained, as to the public, an absolute silence since his return. The following letter to Charles O'Conor will show, however, that he had adopted an intelligent though an altered course toward the public:

"Ludlow Street Jail, *December* 6, 1876.

"*Charles O'Conor, Esq.:*

"Sir,—I take the liberty of addressing you this letter, in view of the fact that your position as the counsel designated by the State authorities in my matters has professed solely the public good, regardless of any factions or personal interest. Heretofore I have met my troubles with every resource at my disposal. Possibly in a mistaken sense of duty I have stood up too long to shield others as well as myself, bearing such losses and punishment as were meted out to my transgressions and my misfortunes. It was truly more in the interest of others than in my own that litigation and resistance were prolonged. Viewing the manner of my return to the wards of this prison, realizing the events in the city, in the State, and in the nation, which I am brought here to confront, it will not, I hope, seem to be a presumption or insincerity in me to say that I am indeed overwhelmed; that all further resistance being hopeless, I have none now to make, and only seek the shortest and most efficient manner in which I may make unqualified surrender.

"It is not my purpose to dispute, or appeal, or further resist the suits which you have against me in the name of the State and the people. I propose forthwith to place at your disposal a full surrender of all I have left of property or effects, and respond at once to such examination in this connection as may assure you and the public of the good faith of this assignment, as well as show the entire amount and disposition of all I have possessed, so far as you may wish it to be detailed.

"I am an old man, greatly broken in health, cast down in spirit, and can no longer bear my burden. To mitigate the prospect of a hopeless imprisonment which must speedily terminate my life, I should, it seems to me, make any sacrifice or effort. During the early stages of the suits and proceedings against me I was ready to make restitution and reparation as far as in my power. Entanglement with the interests and counsels of others delayed and defeated this. I regret that my means have now become so utterly inadequate. I would not make the futile offer if I had not some assurance, through your published statements, that the vindication of principle and the prospect of permanently purifying the public service are the objects you have in view, as being more desirable than the recovery of money. If in any manner you may see fit to use me in such connection, I shall be only too glad to respond. Trusting implicitly in your high reputation and character, I ask to make only a single reservation—not as regards myself, but wherever others may be concerned. Leaving my personal and property interests to be put to the fullest test of examination and publicity, I would hope to have any matters affecting other persons restricted to your private knowledge and discretion. Knowing as you do every material fact already, it would be unavailing for me further to resist or withhold any details you may demand. I only ask, in qualification of the utmost frankness, that your more reliable judgment shall take the responsibility of publication, and the use of such matters only as may be necessary for the ends you wish to advance.

"For the present I have no legal counsel. I shall not employ any, except to act in the spirit of this communication and conform to the usages of the courts. I send this by Foster Dewey, whom I have heretofore employed as secretary. He is directed to receive from you any instructions or suggestions, and answer in detail as to my circumstances.

"I remain, very truly, yours,
"William M. Tweed."

It is understood that Mr. O'Conor sent this letter to Attorney-General Fairchild with his favorable recommendation, and that Mr. O'Conor also signified his intention to terminate his more active connection with the Ring prosecutions, now practically ended. Acting upon this view, the Attorney-General has himself made several visits to Tweed, and has carried out the examinations of effects, and especially of information, which Tweed had to turn over. A large pile of checks, vouchers, and evidence is accordingly in the control of Attorney-General Fairchild. At the time this number of the *Weekly* goes to press his release has been provisionally agreed to, and will, as soon as due forms are complied with, be carried into effect.

As to what may become of Tweed, when he has surrendered all his property and turned over his papers, we are enabled to say that his flight was not altogether that of an aimless fugitive. He intended to enter upon important railroad work in Spain, which may still engage him if he sees his way to it upon his release. He was fifty-four years old on Tuesday, April 3.

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN BAJAZET.

The mosque of the Sultan Bayezid, or Bajazet, although one of the less important religious edifices at Constantinople, possesses two points of attraction that make it an object of interest to the traveller in Turkey. The first are the remarkably beautiful pillars of jasper and porphyry which adorn the building, and the second, the clouds of pigeons which hover perpetually above the cloister attached to the mosque. These birds are as tame as those that inhabit the Place of Saint Mark at Venice. A worthy old Turk is always in attendance beneath the arches with a sack of grain, of which the visitor purchases a small measure, and scatters by handfuls upon the ground. In a moment domes, pillars, minarets, and cornices give forth myriads of pigeons. Absolutely fearless, they precipitate themselves at the feet of the new-comer, however strange he may be, brush his face with their wings, and involve him in a whirlwind of plumage. In a few seconds not a grain of corn remains upon the pavement, and the winged cloud rises again to its aerial position. This world of pigeons, it is said, comes from a single pair which the Sultan Bajazet purchased from a poor old woman who solicited his charity, and gave to the mosque. They have certainly multiplied amazingly, and probably owe their numbers to the fact that they are regarded as sacred birds.

According to the custom of the founders of mosques, the Sultan Bajazet has his turbé near the edifice which bears his name. There he sleeps, covered with a drapery of gold and silver, and having beneath his head (a circumstance which bespeaks a humility rather Christian than Mohammedan in character) a brick made from dust gathered from his garments and shoes. The explanation of this curious arrangement lies in the following verse taken from the Koran: "He who is soiled with dust in the paths of Allah, has nothing to fear from the fires of hell."

Bajazet II., son of the Sultan Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople, was born in 1447, and ascended the Ottoman throne after his father's death in 1481. His reign, which lasted thirty-two years, was an uninterrupted succession of wars against Hungary, Poland, Venice, Egypt, and Persia. They were carried on without any events of striking importance, yet the results served on the whole to establish the Ottoman power. The last years of this Sultan's reign were much disturbed by disputes between his sons about the succession to the throne. Influenced by the preference expressed by the conduct of the janizaries toward his younger son Selim, Bajazet abdicated in the young man's favor. While upon the road to the place of voluntary exile he had selected in the neighborhood of Adrianople, the unfortunate Sultan died. Throughout his troubled life Bajazet had been a devotee to the faith, and although not insensible to the attractions of pomp and splendor, he was a faithful friend to the dervishes, and a devout observer of the rites of the Mohammedan religion. He built several beautiful mosques at Adrianople and other places, which he fitted up in great style and magnificence. The mosque of Sultan Bajazet at Constantinople, although the greatest monument to his piety, is not the only one in that city which owes its existence to his religious fervor. After his death, which occurred in 1513, his remains were removed to the Turkish capital, and placed within the mosque to which he had given his name.

It is the custom for the Sultan to go in state every Friday to one of the mosques of Constantinople to perform his devotions in public. Friday is to the Turks what Sunday is to the Christians and Saturday to the Jews—a day specially sacred to religious exercises, although it does not with the Turks involve a compulsory period of rest. Every week the Commander of the Faithful visits a different mosque, St. Sophia, the Suleimanieh, Sultan Bajazet, Yeni-Djami, and the rest being visited in rotation, according to a sequence arranged and known in advance.

Besides the fact that to perform his devotions on Friday in a mosque is rigidly inculcated upon the Turk by the Koran, and that the Sultan can, least of all men, omit the duty, there is in the exercise of this official act of piety a political utility and significance. It proves to the mass of the people the continuance of the life of the Sultan, of which they have few opportunities of assuring themselves, hidden as he is during the entire week in the mysterious solitudes of the seraglio, or of the secluded summer palaces on the shores of the Bosphorus. By passing through the city on horseback, visible to every one, he gives evidence of his existence, both to his own people and to the representatives of foreign powers—a precaution not altogether idle in a country like Turkey, where his sudden or violent death might not only occur, but might, were it not for this oft-recurring appearance in public, be for some time concealed in order to further the purposes of political intrigue. Sickness, even though severe, does not prevent the performance of this ceremony; for Mahmoud I., son of Mustapha, actually died between the two gates of the seraglio, while returning from one of these Friday ceremonials, to which he had been literally dragged, while with difficulty able to maintain his seat in the saddle, and rouged to conceal his death-like paleness.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A stated session of the National Academy of Sciences is to be held at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, on the 17th of April, at which, among other business, the election of five new members will be in order.

This Academy, as is well known, is the highest scientific body in the United States, having been chartered by Congress about twelve years ago as a body of scientific experts who should be able to advise the government in matters requiring their service, and with the stipulation that this was to be done without compensation.

Originally limited to fifty members named in the act of incorporation, the vacancies to be filled by election on the part of the Academy, this restriction was removed some years ago, but at no time has the active membership reached one hundred. At present only five new members are elected at each meeting, this number being more than sufficient to restore the losses made by death and other causes. It will, therefore, be readily understood that there is much competition for membership in this body, the claims and qualifications of all applicants being very carefully scrutinized, and the question of actual work accomplished being considered as the standard rather than promise and expectation.

At the October meeting the members elected were Professor J. A. Allen, Cambridge; Professor George F. Barker, Philadelphia; Professor William M. Gabb, Philadelphia; Professor Edward S. Morse, Salem; and General John Newton, of the United States army.

The annual report of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology for the year 1876 contains a notice of some of the alterations in the relationships of that great educational establishment, the more important of these being its transfer entire, with its funds, to the corporation of Harvard College, instead of constituting a distinct and separate division as heretofore. The total valuation of the independent property of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, on the 6th of May, 1876, was $322,102, estimating the building and collections which yielded no income at $156,121.

As heretofore, the Museum has done much work in the line of national history, both in the way of identification and collection of specimens, as well as in supplying material for instruction. Many of its specimens have also been intrusted to the hands of specialists at home and abroad for critical investigation.

The additions to the Museum during 1876 have not been very large compared with those of many previous years, but quite enough to exhibit a satisfactory degree of interest in it on the part of the general public.

The Engineer Bureau of the War Department has just published in quarto form the report of certain explorations in Montana, containing an account of an expedition from Carroll, Montana, to the Yellowstone National Park, made in the summer of 1875 by Captain Ludlow, of the United States Engineers. In addition to very interesting detailed information relating to the topography and geography of the region, there are some important statements in regard to the geology and natural history, by Messrs. Edward S. Dana and George B. Grinnell, of New Haven. Quite a number of new species of fossils are treated and described in the volume.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, at Ottawa, invites written offers for the salmon angling privileges of the following Canadian and other rivers, the rent payable in advance. Leases are to run from one to five years, and the lessees are to employ guardians at private cost:

Natashguan (north shore), Mingan (north shore), Romaine (near Mingan), Trinity (near Point des Monts), St. Margaret (*en bas*), Trout (near Moisie), Mistassini (near Godbout), Bescie (near Godbout), Malbaie (near Percé), Grand Pabos (near Percé), Little Pabos (near Percé), Tobique (New Brunswick), Nashwaak (New Brunswick), Jupiter (Anticosti Island), Salmon (Anticosti Island).

The *Western Review of Science and Industry*, edited by Theodore S. Case, and published at Kansas City, Missouri, makes its first appearance as a monthly journal for February, 1877, and covers a wide range of scientific and industrial topics.

The principal headings under which the articles are distributed are archæology, physiology and therapeutics, engineering, meteorology, agriculture, scientific miscellany, and editorial notes.

The question of the origin of the various domestic mammals is one of much interest both to the naturalist and the anthropologist; and, strange as it may seem, the starting-point or parent stem of scarcely a single one has been established beyond any question. Among the more interesting problems in this connection is that with reference to the dog, which in its numerous varieties, as found throughout the world, suggests a very varied parentage. Among those who have given most attention to this subject is Professor Jeitteles, of Vienna; and as the result of a somewhat long-continued investigation upon the osteology of the domestic races, as compared with the various species of wild dogs, and an examination of their other peculiarities, he has lately announced the following general conclusions: First, that the true wolf, *Canis lupus*, of the northern hemisphere, does not enter at all into the composition of the domestic races, and it is only exceptionally that hybrids occur between the larger dogs and the wolves, in a state of nature. This, however, applies only to the present, the hybrid races probably not perpetuating; and Professor Jeitteles maintains, in a positive manner, that nowhere among domestic dogs do we find descendants of individuals of the genuine wolf of centuries ago.

This conclusion will strike most persons with surprise, since the opposite theory of descendence has been generally accepted.

As with the wolf, so with the fox, there being no indication of its presence in any of the domestic races. Its low feet and the character of the tail, the structure of the teeth and skull, and especially the formation of the orbital process of the frontal bone, distinguish it constantly from all the dogs.

The small jackal (*Canis aureus*, L.) inhabiting Southeastern Asia and Northern Africa is to be looked upon as the dog of the stone period. The dog of the peat bogs appears to be the oldest form of the tame jackal. This form was known in ancient Egypt as a domestic animal.

The larger dog of the metal or bronze period (*Canis matris optimæ*, Jeit.), which is entirely different from that of the stone age, and which, with Naumann, we may divide into two races, a slender and a stout, was probably a descendant from the wolf or bheria of India (*Canis pallipes*, Syke). This was probably first tamed in East Iran or Bactria, rather than in India.

At one time Professor Jeitteles considered the Amerian coyote, or prairie wolf, as the ancestor of the dog of the bronze period, but has since adopted the view given above.

There appear to be two races of this wild dog now existing between the Caspian Sea and the alpine lands of Turkestan, from one of which is probably derived the long-haired greyhound of Western Asia, and the other the dog of Thibet and allied forms.

The dogs of ancient Babylon and Assyria are the oldest monumental representations of the posterity of the tame Indian wolf.

The African dib, or the great jackal (*Canis lupaster*), was domesticated in Egypt in the earlier times, but later than the small jackal. From it are derived many forms of the Egyptian dog, and especially the small street dog of the present day.

A special race of this dog (*Canis anthus*) probably gave rise to the African or short-haired greyhound, of which we find numerous representations on the ancient Egyptian monuments.

The pariah dogs of India, of which there are two forms, one small and the other large, are probably degenerate descendants of the tame jackal and of the tamed bheria.

The peat-bog dog was nearest among the present races to the small Spitz dog. The well-known Dachshound, both the straight and the crooked legged varieties, are also derived from the peat-bog dog.

The shepherd's dog of Central Europe and Scotland, or the Scotch colly, is of all the present races most nearly related to the bronze dog. All the larger dogs, and the poodles, the mastiffs, and other English dogs, are descended from it. The peculiar structure of the skull of the bull-dog and the crooked legs of the Dachshound are simply inherited malformations which occur not unfrequently in the old species of the dog family.

In conclusion, Professor Jeitteles thinks that although he may not be entirely correct in all his deductions, yet the case is one that admits of an absolute and satisfactory solution; but will depend upon bringing together a very large series of crania and skeletons of the different races of modern dogs and those of the tame dogs of prehistoric periods, and of various wild species.

THE LADY'S SONG.

How do you make your songs?
  My lady said to me.
  Take pen, and let me see
How much to art belongs,
How much to nature. Well?
You really can not tell?

Do you go seek your thought?
  Or does it come to you?
What is it like when caught?
  What is the first you do?
How can I help you, pray?
  For my life, I can not see—
But kissing my hand is not the way
  To capture thought—or me!

You wait till the melodies come,
  That sing in your inner ear?
  But how if you do not hear?
How if your heart is dumb?
Compel it to speak? You may,
But not *my* heart to-day!

If you had made a song—
  Perhaps you might, who knows?
Perhaps I may ere long
  Believe I am the rose
You bleed for, nightingale;
  But you with all are smitten.
Don't sigh, and look so pale,
  But read what you have written—
Only my words to you,
  And in rhyme, too, I declare!
  Be still, you rumple my hair.
Let go my hand—I do!

R. H. Stoddard.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At a country village church a few Sundays ago a clergyman from a distance officiated, as a special sermon in aid of a local charity was to be preached. The reverend gentleman had selected a hymn for the occasion, and when giving it out, also named the tune to which he wished it to be sung. There was, however, no response from the organ gallery, and, thinking the organist had not distinctly heard him, he again repeated the name of the tune. All eyes were directed toward the organ gallery, from which a "clicking," half-smothered sound emanated. Presently the curtains were drawn aside, and a portly, red-faced person appeared, exclaiming, "It's no use, Zur, she won't go it! I tell you she won't go it!" The reverend gentleman had not been informed that there was a barrel-organ in the church.

Charade.—My first (syllable) is company; my second shuns company; my third calls company; and my whole entertains company. Give it up? Why, co-nun-drum, of course!

Incidental.—"Is that young fellow a dentist?" asked Spriggins, as a spruce young M.D. hurried by. "Well, he says he is," replied Dr. Stuart, "but he is hardly a regular—merely an *inside-dental* operator."

Arithmetical Toast.—"The fair daughters of this land: may they *add* virtue to beauty, *subtract* envy from friendship, *multiply* amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, *divide* time by sociability and economy, and *reduce* scandal to its lowest denomination!"

Charles Kingsley improved.—"Men must work, and women must dress."

Soft enough at any Rate.—Thackeray described the kiss of etiquette as "a kiss which is like the contact of oysters."

Different Metals.—An impudent adventurer having married an heiress, a wit remarked that the bridegroom's brass was outshone by the bride's *tin*.

Probably.—Darwin believes that birds have religious distinctions. Hens probably belong to the *la-ity*.

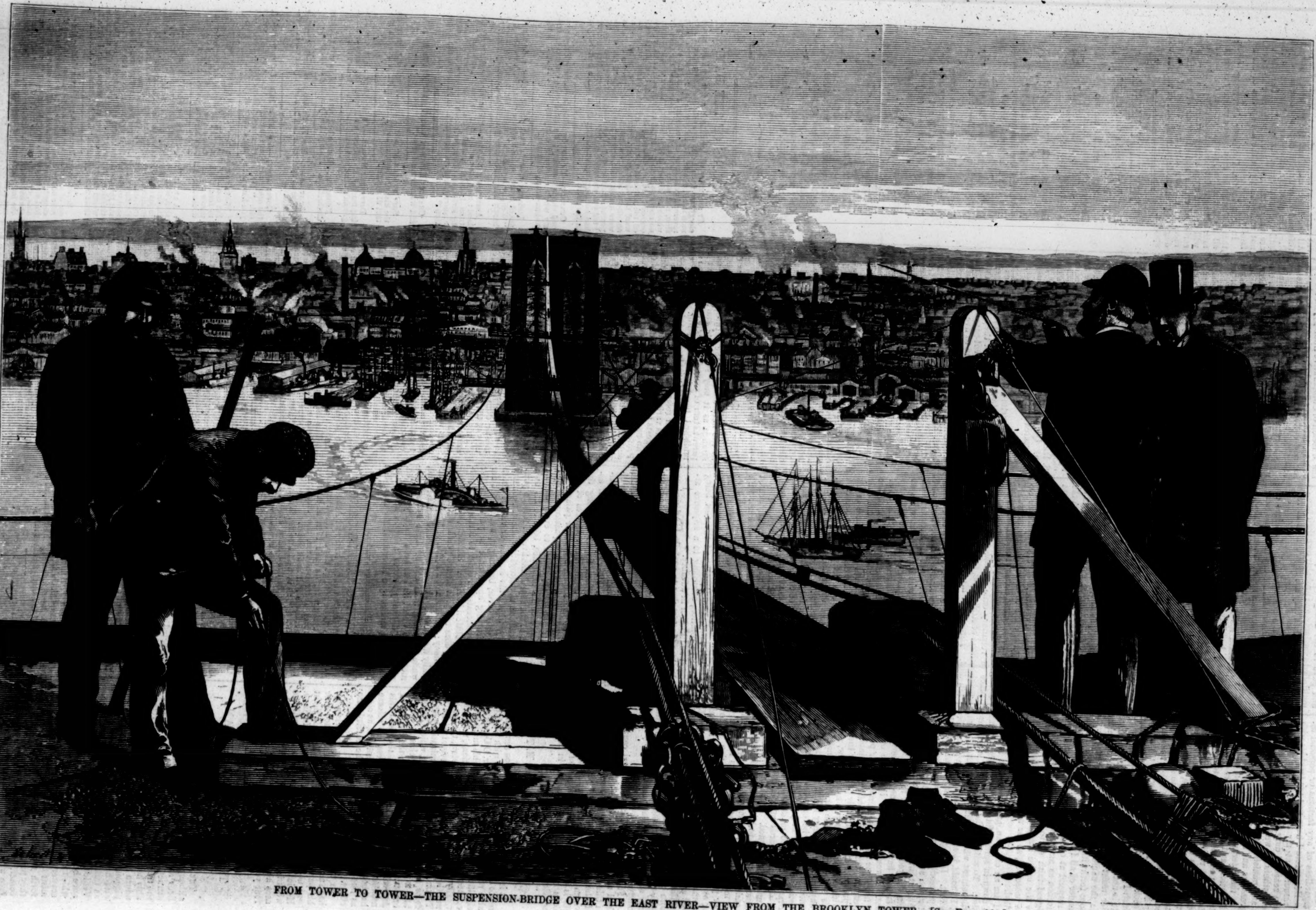
At it again.—Mrs. Partington says Ike has bought a horse so spirituous that he always goes off in a decanter.

Going alone.—A spinster lady of fifty remarked, the other day, that she could go alone at six months old. "Yes," said her hateful young half-brother, "and you have been going alone ever since."

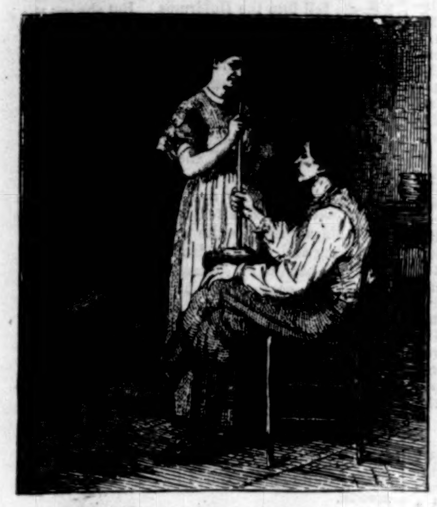
When to enjoy it.—"I never can enjoy poetry when I'm cookin'," said an old lady; "but when I step out to feed the hogs, and h'ist myself on the fence and throw my soul into a few lines of 'Cap'n Jinks,' it does seem as if this airth was made to live on after all."

A legal Firm.—There were two lawyers in partnership, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchem and Chetum. People laughed at seeing these two names in juxtaposition over the door, so the lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their Christian names. Mr. Catchem's name was Isaac—Mr. Chetum's, Uriah. A new board was ordered; but when sent to the painter it was found to be too short to admit the Christian names at full length. The painter, therefore, put only the initials before the surnames, which made the matter still worse than before, for there now appeared, "I. Catchem and U. Chetum."

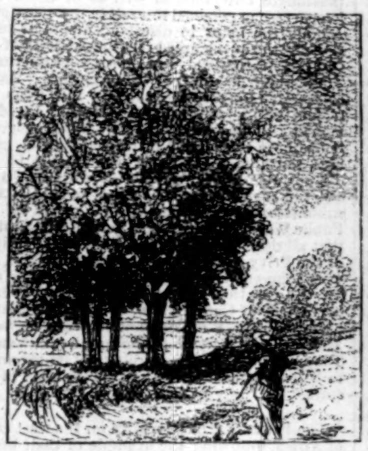
Substantial Relic.—A gentleman visiting the widow of a poet was exceedingly anxious to obtain some relic of the bard, to be kept as a memorial of the deceased. The lady replied to all his entreaties that she had already given every thing away that was remarkable, or that she could think of parting with, so that she had no relic left. Still the visitor insisted, and still the lady declared her inability to satisfy him, till at last a happy thought struck her, and she exclaimed, "Unless you take myself, I really can think of no other relic [relict] of him that it is in my power to give, or yours to receive."



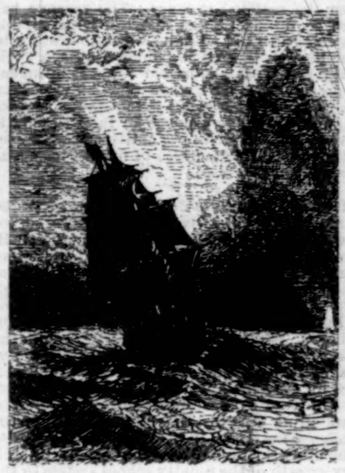
FROM TOWER TO TOWER—THE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER—VIEW FROM THE BROOKLYN TOWER.—[SEE PAGE 294.]



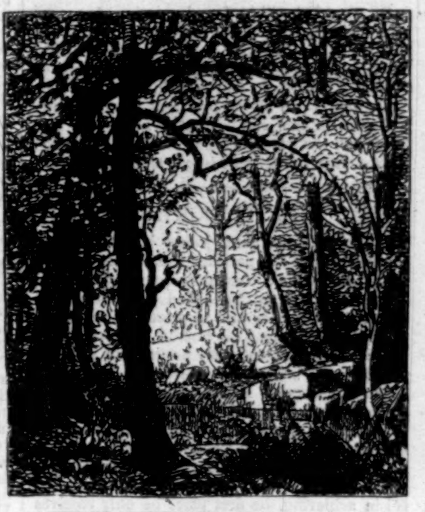
A HELPING HAND.—E. Wood Perry, N.A.



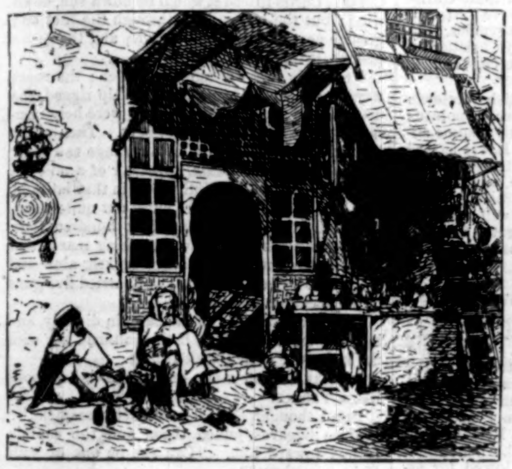
STUDY FROM NATURE.—James D. Smillie.



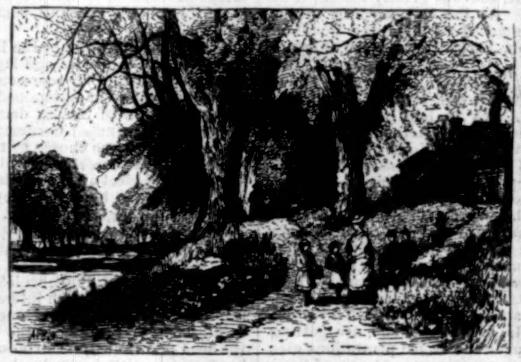
OFF CAPE HATTERAS.—Edward Moran, A.



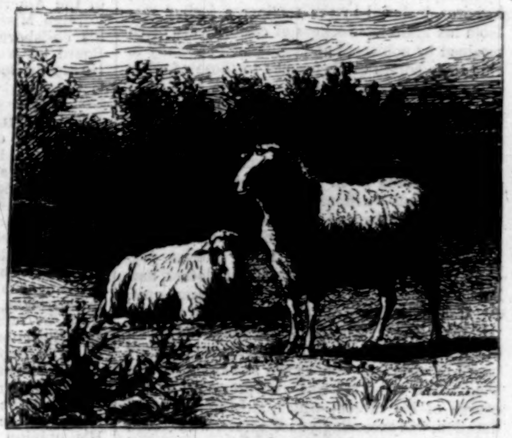
AUTUMN AFTERNOON.—W. T. Richards, H.



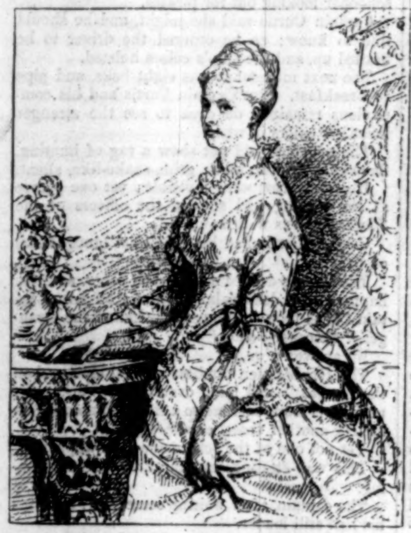
SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW AT A "CAFÉ ARABE."
L. C. Tiffany, A.



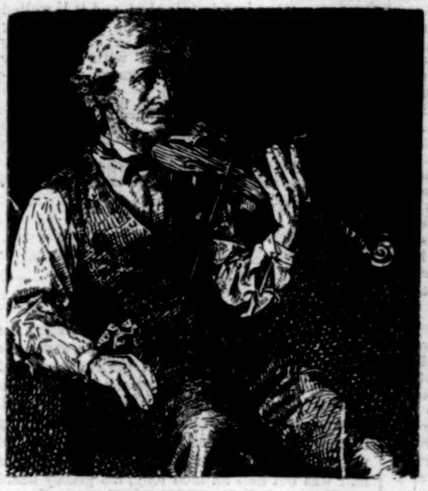
A VILLAGE SCHOOL, NEW ENGLAND.—A. F. Bellows, N.A.



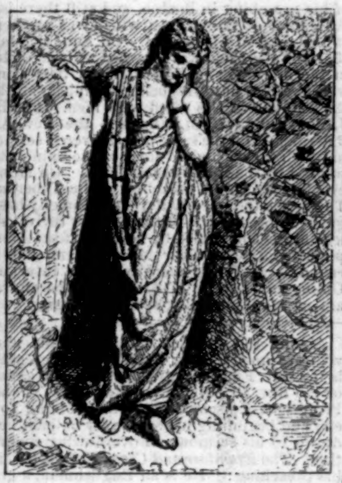
SHEEP AND LANDSCAPE.—T. Robinson.



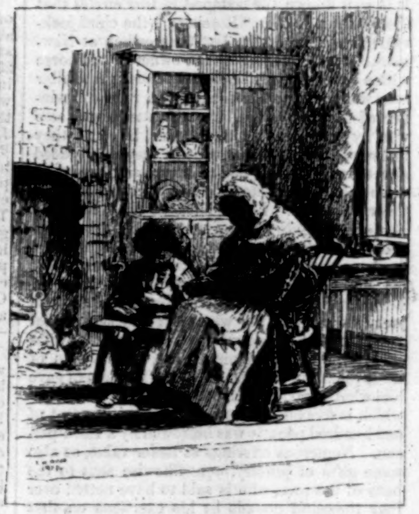
PORTRAIT.—D. Huntington, P.N.A.



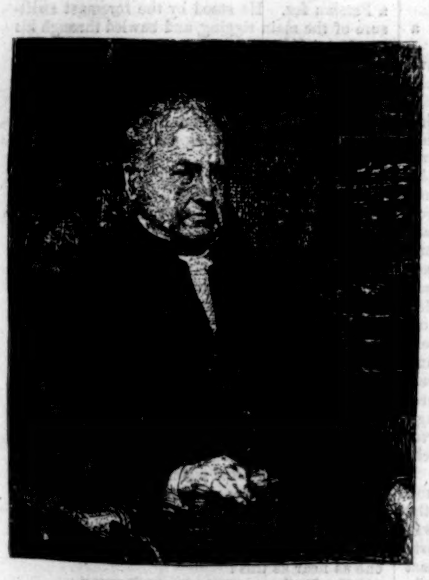
THE HIGH NOTE.—J. G. Brown, N.A.



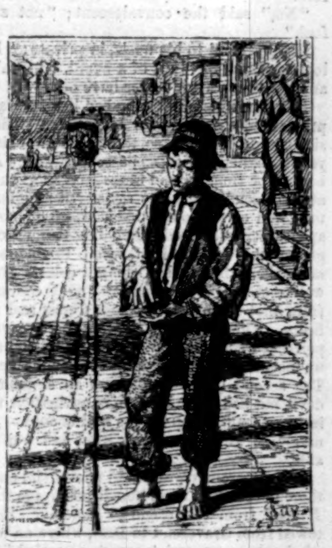
ŒNONE.—H. A. Loop, N.A.



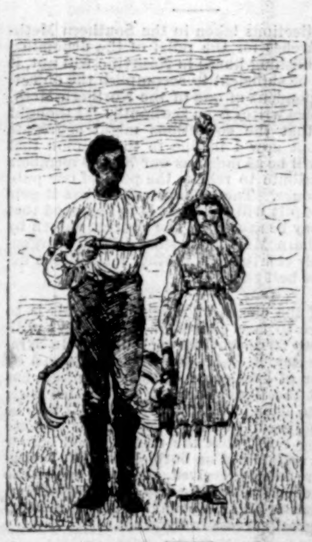
SUNDAY MORNING.—T. W. Wood, N.A.



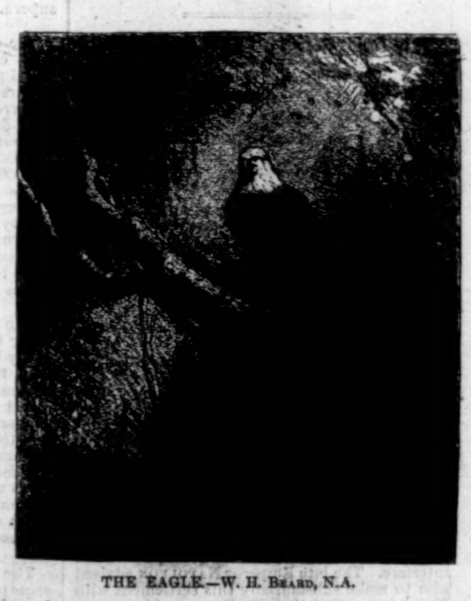
PORTRAIT.—L. G. Sellstedt, N.A.



CASH IN HAND.—S. J. Guy, N.A.



ANSWERING THE HORN.
Winslow Homer, N.A.



THE EAGLE.—W. H. Beard, N.A.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION.—[See Page 290.]

THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

On page 289 will be found a series of engravings from pictures in the fifty-second annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, now open in the beautiful building at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The exhibition is one of the best that has been seen for years in this city. All the rooms are well filled, and the general character of the collection is exceedingly creditable to our artists.

ABOUT JOCKEYS.

In England the chief jockey is *par excellence* the manikin of the period. Petted like a *prima donna*, and made a companion by sporting lords, his services are intrigued and paid for with a power of diplomacy and at a rate of remuneration known only on "the turf." His movements are chronicled as carefully as those of a prince of the royal blood. His *cartes de visite* are in constant demand. Moreover, he earns a larger income than a Prime Minister.

To readers not versed in the ways of racing it may be explained that when a jockey is so fortunate as to win a race he is paid for his work with a fee of five guineas, but when he is not successful in achieving the first place he only receives three guineas. He is likewise paid two guineas for riding in trials on occasions when it is desirable to ascertain the power of some horse to win a particular race. A few jockeys, seldom heard of as winners of races, earn a great deal of money by riding trials. Payment for trials is sometimes, however, included in the retainer a jockey gets from his master. Jockeys of celebrity are often retained by noblemen and gentlemen specially to ride their horses in preference to those of other competitors, for which they receive a handsome wage or retaining fee, in addition to the usual payments for their services in the saddle, win or lose.

The fees earned by a successful jockey, speaking roundly, form the least portion of his income, as the presents given him by owners of horses and numerous "admirers," in the shape of bettors, who have backed his mounts, are frequent and valuable. Gold watches, diamond rings, and breastpins set with rubies, riding horses, dog-carts, and yachts, as well as suits of clothes, new hats, boxes of cigars, and cases of Champagne, are frequently bestowed on jockeys who win important races. A noted professional horseman of ten years ago received in two seasons as many boxes of cigars as would have stocked a modest shop. The same lad was also presented in the course of his career—which, although of short duration, was exceedingly successful—with eleven gold watches (he always used a silver one) and seven finger-rings set with diamonds, as well as with other valuable jewels. Money gifts to successful jockeys are now, however, the order of the day, and that such gifts are often of great magnitude there is abundant evidence to show. It is well known, for instance, in turf circles that the jockey who rode "Rosebery" (the chief jockey), the winner of the last Cesarewitch at New-market, was presented by the owner of the horse with a check for one thousand pounds; a similar sum was given to the jockey who rode the winner of the Cambridgeshire, which race was also won by "Rosebery." Such sums, large as they undoubtedly are, extravagant as they may indeed appear in the eyes of non-racing people, have been more than once bestowed for work well done on the race-course. So far back as the year 1824 Benjamin Smith was presented with a testimonial of nearly one thousand pounds, subscribed for by a number of persons, on the occasion of his admirable riding of "Jerry" in the great St. Leger stakes at Doncaster. Ten years ago the jockey who rode the winner of the sensational Derby of that period was presented by the owner of "Hermit," the winning horse, with a sum of three thousand pounds. Another gentleman gave him what in racing parlance is called a "monkey," which is five hundred pounds; while a present of one hundred pounds was bestowed by a third person. Numerous offerings of lesser value, as also some gifts of jewelry, were likewise sent to the hero of the race, who is said to have netted over four thousand pounds by his exertions on that one occasion, which is about double the sum paid to Sir Walter Scott for writing his celebrated poem of the "Lady of the Lake."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL, 1877.

Sunday,	15.—Second Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	22.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Wednesday,	25.—St. Mark.
Sunday,	29.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.

The Roman correspondent of the London *Daily News* reports that the health of the Pope has since the 1st of March excited the gravest apprehensions of his household. While reading an allocution to the cardinals, on the 12th of the month, he had a fainting fit; other attacks have followed, of increasing severity. Unless he rallies, he will hardly be able to bear the fatigues of the Papal Jubilee, which begins the latter part of May. All the recent actions of Pius IX. show a careful preparation for the events which must immediately follow his decease. Directions have been given in regard to the meeting of the conclave; vacancies in the College of Cardinals have been carefully filled; the papal house has been set in order. If report is to be credited, the Pope is making a last effort to effect a solution of the question of the temporal power.

He asks for the guarantee of a sovereignty over the Leonine city, in which St. Peter's stands. It is not likely, however, that the great powers will interfere. The late Emperor Napoleon advised him to make substantially this settlement with Italy; but at that time the Pope would listen to no proposal for a cession of the territory of the Church. The law of the papal guarantees gives him the rank of a sovereign, the Vatican Palace, the Church of St. Peter, and a princely revenue from the national treasury. The revenue has been scornfully refused, and the Pope appeals once more to the Catholic world to restore to him his position as a temporal prince. His death will no doubt hasten the establishment of peace between Italy and the Church. Pius IX. can not and will not accept the new order of political life; he belongs to the past, and is governed by its traditions. His successor can, without the same sacrifice of feeling, recognize accomplished facts.

Two men who have done good service in the Christian world have recently passed away—Professor John S. Hart and the Rev. Dr. Selah B. Treat. Professor Hart won distinction as an educator, an author, and an editor. For several years he was principal of the Philadelphia High School, and in the last years of his life Professor of English Literature and Rhetoric in Princeton College. While employed for forty years in the work of education, his pen was always busy. His first considerable work was a series of lectures on Spenser's "Faerie Queene," in which he displayed a fine critical taste. For eleven years—from 1860 to 1871—he was editor of the *Sunday-school Times*, a weekly paper which has done much in promoting the recent extraordinary growth of the Sunday-school system in the United States. He also published volumes on *The Sunday-school Idea*, *Thoughts for the School-Room*, and *Life Lessons for the Gospels*. One of the most versatile of men, Professor Hart was one of the most modest. Few American scholars have made their lives more useful. Dr. Treat was for many years one of the secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and was greatly esteemed by his co-laborers. At the last meeting of the Board he was granted an honorary position. He died in Boston, March 28, at the age of seventy-three.

Bishop Gilbert Haven, who has been to the west coast of Africa to look after the missions planted there by the Methodist Episcopal Church, has arrived at New York. His accounts of the Liberians are by no means rose-colored. The towns he reports to be making no progress or falling into decay. Of the folly of the careful nursing which the emigrants have received from the charitable societies of the mother country he speaks quite plainly. The condition of one settlement is thus described: "Only one church in this place, the Baptist. The Methodist is in ruins by rain and neglect. The Presbyterian and Episcopal are gone. Too much help did it. The Baptists, being let alone, are getting ahead." The sugar and coffee plantations give evidence of much prosperity. At one of them he found the latest number of *Harper's Weekly* lying on the table in the proprietor's house. His opinion of the future of this colony, on which so much has been expended, is expressed in no doubtful language. "Let Liberia," he writes, "fill up her land with farms, and she will conquer Africa; otherwise, Africa will conquer her."

Mr. Moody has entered upon the third month of his preaching in Boston, and still there is no abatement of the interest which was awakened at the time of his arrival. On Sunday, March 25, the Tabernacle was crowded at nine o'clock in the morning; in the afternoon 7000 women were present, the aisles being occupied; at night the Tabernacle was filled with men. The Rev. James Freeman Clarke and the Rev. A. J. Patterson, on the same day, delivered sermons, in which they criticised some of the opinions expressed by the Rev. Joseph Cook. On Monday evening Mr. Cook preached in the Tabernacle. The house-to-house visitation of the city has begun. In other parts of the country revival services are accompanied by like manifestations of popular interest. The "Murphy Army," as it is called, is gathering recruits in the interior of Ohio. In the city of Albany all the churches are engaged in holding special meetings.

Among the eloquent ministers from abroad who are now serving New York congregations is the Rev. Frederick Courtney, the assistant of the Rev. Dr. Morgan, rector of St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church. Coming to the city and beginning his work very quietly, he has drawn to his sermons an overflowing congregation. The *Examiner and Chronicle* thus describes his preaching: "He is an Englishman, a graduate of one of the universities, a man of fine physique, and an attractive speaker. He preaches without a scrap of paper usually—a very rare thing among the Episcopalian clergy. The earnestness and moral courage of the man are superb."

The collections taken in the Southern Methodist churches for the relief of the denominational publishing house in Nashville will not, it is feared, be sufficient to accomplish the object. A correspondent of one of the Northern Methodist papers writes from the South: "I thought at first that the collections might aggregate $20,000, but now I incline to the opinion that $15,000 will be as much as our 700,000 members will contribute to relieve the peril of our publishing house. The bishops said unless it gets speedy help it will fail." It is to be hoped that failure may be averted. The courage shown by the Southern Methodists since 1865 in reorganizing their charitable and other institutions deserves the best success.

One of the effects of religious revivals is to bring face to face classes of society that ordinarily keep far apart from each other. In Syracuse, the Rev. E. P. Hammond, accompanied by a number of gentlemen of social position, has called at the liquor saloons, and invited their keepers to attend Christian worship. It is to be said to the credit of all the participants in these "morning calls" that the utmost good humor has been maintained on both sides. The invitations were kindly received, although one of the saloon keepers asked the very natural question, "But what is all this about?" Mr. Hammond has had great success in Syracuse.

The ritualists (we use the term in no odious sense) are advancing boldly to the advocacy of the disestablishment of the State Church. The *Church Times* opens one of its editorials on this topic with the following sentence: "That the disestablishment of the Church of England is coming, and that rapidly, is the conviction of all dispassionate observers, as well as of those who have a strong personal interest in the question." Among the helps to disestablishment is mentioned "the unexampled religious activity of the Church of England during forty years past." The Church has outgrown its clothes. As an alternative to disestablishment, the *Times* demands the following reforms: (1) "The abandonment by the crown of its Church patronage, as it has been abandoned in Ireland and the colonies, the first step toward which must be the discontinuance of the Letters Missive which annul the *congé d'élire*; (2) repeal of the acts of submission and *præmunire*; (3) repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act; (4) declaration that all the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council were unconstitutional, and were inherently null and void; (5) enabling acts for the creation of true ecclesiastical courts; (6) reform of Convocation, with full legislative powers." This is radical enough; but the *Church Times* and its party do not mean disendowment. They wish the Church to retain all its revenues, to be national, and yet to be independent of the state.

The Protestant missionaries on the west coast of Africa, following the example of their brethren in India and China, have held a Conference at Gaboon, and have, as a result, organized a branch of the Evangelical Alliance, which will assemble this year in Calabar. Episcopalians, Primitive Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists met together. The topics discussed indicate the nature of the work which these Christian heroes have on hand. They were "African superstition, polygamy, native agencies, the means of reaching a higher type of Christianity in Africa, schools, missions, commerce," etc.

At the latest meeting of the British Wesleyan Committee of ministers and laymen, appointed to mature a plan of lay representation, some additional details were determined: It was agreed that one-eighth of the lay delegates should be elected by the Annual Conference, and that all the others should be chosen by the district meetings. The next Conference, which will meet this summer, will elect all the lay delegates for 1878. The steps taken by the Wesleyans show great caution, and yet great decision.

Cardinal Manning's paper, the *Westminster Gazette*, states some of the forms observed in the election of a new Pope, which at the present moment will be read with interest. "The chief rule during the vacancy belongs to one of the cardinals. He repairs to the chamber where the dead pontiff lies; he strikes him on the forehead thrice with a slender hammer, and calls him thrice by his original names. Receiving no reply, he takes off the 'ring of the fisherman' and breaks it. Nine days are allowed for assembling the conclave. It will be held now in the Vatican. The doors and windows of the room set apart for it will be walled up, one or two panes only being left at the top to admit light. In this, cells are constructed for the cardinals. They may not visit each other by night." 'After religious ceremonies, the cardinals enter the room, "the last door is shut, and it is walled up." In their cells they remain, only passing out to attend morning mass in an adjoining chapel. All communication with the outer world is forbidden, and they must remain together till a Pope is chosen.

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Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

By CHARLES READE.

X.—THE JILT.

A YARN.

PART II.

Youth, a good constitution, good nursing, the right food and drink, and no medicine, saved the life of Arthur Greaves. But gastric fever and jaundice are terrible foes to attack a man in concert; they left him as unlike the tanned and ruddy seaman of our first scene, as the wrecked ship battered against the shore is to the same vessel when she breasted the waves under canvas. His hair was but half an inch long, his grizzly beard two inches; and his sunken cheeks as yellow as saffron. They told him he was out of danger, and offered him a barber to shave his chin—the same that had shaved his head a fortnight before.

"No," said the convalescent; "not such a fool."

He explained to his uncle, in private: "I have lost my Ellen for want of a beard. I won't lose another that way, if I ever have one."

He turned his now benumbed heart toward his profession, and pined for blue water. His physician approved; and so, though still weakish and yellowish, he shipped, as passenger, in the *Phœbe*, bound for Bombay and China, and went on board at Gravesend. She was registered nine hundred tons, and carried out a mixed cargo of hardware and Manchester goods, including flaming cottons got up only for the East, where Englishmen admire them for their Oriental color. She was well manned at starting, and ably commanded from first to last by Captain Curtis and six officers. The first mate, Mr. Lewis, was a very experienced seamen, and quite a friendship sprang up between him and Flag-Lieutenant Greaves. The second mate, Castor, was an amiable dare-devil, but had much to learn in navigation, though in mere seamanship he was well enough. Fortunately he knew his deficiencies, and was teachable.

A prosperous voyage is an uneventful one; and there never was a more humdrum voyage than the *Phœbe's* from Gravesend to Bombay. She was towed from Gravesend to Deal, where an easterly wind sprang up, and, increasing, carried her past the "Lizard," and out of sight of land; soon after that the wind veered a point or two to the northward. She sighted Madeira on the seventh day, and got the N.E. Trades; they carried her two degrees north of the line. Between that and 2 S. she fell into the Doldrums. But she got the S.E. Trade sooner than usual, and made the best of it; set the foretop-mast studding-sail, and went a little out of her course. At 34 S. she got into the steady nor'wester, and, in due course, anchored in Table Bay.

The diamond fever being at its height, several hands deserted her at the Cape. But she had fair weather, and reached Bombay without any incident worth recording. By this time Greaves had put on flesh and color, and though his heart had a scar that often smarted, it bled no longer; and as to his appearance, he was himself again, all but a long and very handsome beard.

At Bombay the *Phœbe* landed part of her cargo, and all her passengers; but took a few fresh ones on board for China—a Portuguese merchant bound for Macao, and four ladies, two of them officers' wives returning to their husbands, and two spinsters going out to join their relatives at Hong-Kong. They were all more or less pretty and intelligent, and brightened the ship amazingly; yet one day every man in her wished, with all his soul, every one of those ladies was out of her. She also shipped forty Lascars, to make up for twenty white men she had lost by death and desertion.

The *Phœbe* had fair weather to Penang, and for some time after, but not enough of it. However, after the usual bother in the Straits of Malacca, she got clear, and carried a light breeze with her. Captain Curtis feared it would be down sun, down wind; but the breeze held through the first and greater part of the second watch; and then, sure enough, it fell dead calm.

Mr. Lewis had the morning watch; the ropes were coiled up at one bell, the whip rigged, the deck wetted and sanded, and they were holy-stoning it when day began to break. Then there loomed the black outline of a strange sail lying on the *Phœbe's* port beam, a quarter of a mile off. The sun soon gets his full power in that latitude, and in a minute the vessel burst out quite clear, a topsail schooner of some four hundred tons, with a long snaky hull, taunt, raking masts, and black mast-heads, every thing very trig alow and aloft, sails extremely white; she carried five guns of large calibre on each side.

Lewis reported her to the captain directly, and he came on deck. They both examined her with their glasses. She puzzled them.

"What do you make of her, Lewis? Looks like a Yankee."

"So I thought, Sir, till I saw her armament."

Here Greaves joined them, and the captain turned toward him. "Can she be one of your China squadron?"

"Hardly, unless the admiral has a schooner for his tender; and, if so, she would be under a pennant."

Lewis suggested she might be a Portuguese schooner looking out for pirates.

Captain Curtis said she might, and he should like to know; so he ordered the driver to be brailed up, and the ship's colors hoisted.

The next moment it was eight bells, and pipe to breakfast. But Captain Curtis and his companions remained on deck to see the stranger hoist her colors in reply.

The schooner did not show a rag of bunting. She sat the water, black, grim, snake-like, silent.

Her very crew were invisible; yet one glance at her rigging had showed the officers of the *Phœbe* she was well manned.

Captain Curtis had his breakfast brought him on deck.

The vessels drifted nearer each other, as often happens in a dead calm. So, at 8.50 A.M., Captain Curtis took a trumpet and hailed the stranger, "*Schooner—ahoy!*"

No answer.

The *Phœbe's* men tumbled up, and clustered on the forecastle and hung over the bulwarks; for nothing is more exciting to a ship's company than hailing another vessel at sea.

Yet not one of the schooner's crew appeared.

This was strange, unnatural, and even alarming.

The captain, after waiting some time, repeated his hail still louder.

This time a single figure showed on board the schooner; a dark, burly fellow, with a straight mustache, a little tuft on his chin, and wearing a Persian fez. He stood by the foremast swiftsure of the main rigging, and bawled through his trumpet, "Hullo!"

"What schooner is that?"

"What ship is that?"

"The *Phœbe*."

"Where from, and where bound?"

"Penang to Hong-Kong. Who are *you?*"

"The *Black Rover*."

"Where bound?"

"Nowhere. Cruising."

"Why don't—ye—show—your colors?"

"Ha!—ha!"

As this strange laugh rang through the trumpet across the strip of water that now parted the two vessels, the Mephistophelian figure dived below, and the schooner was once more deserted, to all appearance.

It was curious to see how Captain Curtis and his first mate how evaded their own suspicions, and were ingenious in favorable surmises. Might she not be an armed slaver? or, as Lewis had suggested, a Portuguese?

"That fellow who answered the hail had the cut of a Portuguese."

But here Mr. Castor put in his word. "If she is looking for pirates, she hasn't far to go for one, I'm thinking," said that hare-brained young man.

"Nonsense, Sir," said the captain. "What do you know about pirates? Did ye ever see one as near as this?"

"No, Sir."

"No more did I," said Greaves.

"*You!*" said Castor. "Not likely. When

they see a Queen's ship they are all wings, and no beak. But they can range up alongside a poor devil of a merchantman. Not seen a pirate? no; they are rare birds now; but I have seen ships of burden and ships of war, and this is neither. She is low in the water, yet she carries no freight, for she floats like a cork. She is armed and well manned, yet no crew to be seen. The devils are under hatches, till the time comes. If she isn't a pirate, what is she? However, I'll soon know."

"Don't talk so wild, Castor," said the captain: "and how can you know? they won't answer straight, and they won't show their colors."

"Oh, there's a simple way you have not thought of," said the sapient Castor: "and I'll take that way, if you will allow me—I'LL BOARD HER."

At this characteristic proposal, made with perfect composure, the others looked at him with a certain ironical admiration.

"Board her!" said the captain. "I'll be d——d if you do."

"Why not, captain? There, that shows you think she is wicked. Why, we *must* find out what she is—somehow."

"We shall know soon enough," said the captain, gloomily. "I am not going to risk my officers; if any body boards her, it shall be me."

"Oh, that is the game, is it?" said Castor, reproachfully. "Why, captain, you are a married man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"No more words, Sir, if you please," said the captain, sternly. "Step forward and give the order to sling a butt, and get a boat ready for target practice. I shall exercise the guns, being a calm. Perhaps he thinks we are weaker than we are."

As soon as Castor's back was turned, he altered his tone, and said, with much feeling, "I know that fool-hardy young man's mother. How could I look her in the face if I let him board that devil before we know her intentions?"

A butt was ballasted with sand, so as to secure its floating steadily, bung-hole up; the bung was removed, and a boat-hook wedged in, bearing the ensign. The butt was then launched, and towed out half a mile to starboard; and the *Phœbe* tried her guns on it.

If she had anticipated this meeting, the ship could have poured a formidable broadside into the mysterious stranger, for she carried three 32-pound carronades of a side on her quarter-deck, and thirteen 18-pounders of a side on her gun-deck. But it was the old story; the times were peaceable, the men were berthed on the gun-deck, and, for their convenience, eighteen out of the twenty-six guns had been struck down into the hold.

With the remaining guns on the starboard side they fired at the butt, and so carefully that, after an hour's practice, it was brought back very little the worse. The only telling shot was made on the gun-deck by a gunner, whose foot slipped somehow, and he dropped a 32-pound ball on Greaves's ankle, disabling that unfortunate officer: he was carried to his cabin in great pain, and there attended by the surgeon.

The commotion caused by this misfortune was hardly over upon the quarter-deck when an unexpected incident occurred—an act of direct insubordination. Mr. Castor had put on his uniform, and persuaded two poor fellows, an ignorant Lascar and a reckless Briton like himself, to go out to the schooner in the boat. They slipped into her as soon as the party came on board with the butt, and at first pretended to be baling her out and examining her for leaks; but they worked quietly alongside till they got under the ship's bows, and then dropped their oars gently into the water, and pulled for the schooner like mad.

They were a third of the way before Captain Curtis caught sight of them. He roared to them to come back, and threatened to put them in irons. But none are so deaf as those who won't hear; and he did not use his trumpet, lest the enemy should think they were disunited on board the ship.

He and Lewis, therefore, now looked on in silence, and literally perspired with anxiety for the fate of Castor and his boat's crew; and although their immediate anxiety was as unselfish as it was keen, yet they were also conscious that if Castor lost his life in this rash enterprise, that would prove the commander of the schooner felt strong enough to attack *them*—no quarter on either side—and intended to do it.

At this terrible moment, when their eyes were strained to observe every movement in the schooner, and their nerves strung up like violin strings, female voices broke gayly in upon them with innocent chatter that, for once, jarred as badly as screams; the lady passengers had kept very snug during the firing, but finding it was quite over, burst on the deck in a body.

First Lady. "Oh, that's the ship we have been saluting."

Second Lady. "A royal salute."

Third Lady. "Is it the Duke of Edinburgh's ship, captain?"

No answer.

Third Lady. "What a beauty!"

First Lady. "Why does she not salute us back, captain?"

Captain. "Got no guns, perhaps."

First Lady. "Oh yes, she has. Those black things peeping out are guns."

Second Lady. "Ah, there's one of our boats going to call on her."

Third Lady. "Oh, captain, may we go on board of her?"

Captain. "No, ma'am."

Third Lady. "Oh dear! Why not?"

Captain. "That is my business."

The fair speaker tossed her head and said, "Well, I am sure!" but she drew back with red cheeks, and the tears in her eyes, at being snubbed so suddenly and unreasonably: the other ladies gathered round her, and the words, "Cross old thing!" were heard to issue from the party, but fell unheeded, for neither the captain nor Mr. Lewis had eyes nor ears except for the schooner and the boat. As the latter neared the ship, several faces peeped, for a moment, at the port-holes of the schooner.

Yet, when the boat ran alongside the schooner amid-ships, there was no respect shown to Castor's uniform, nor, indeed, common civility: it would have been no more than the right thing to pipe the side; but there were no sidesmen at all, nor even a side-rope.

Observing this, Captain Curtis shook his head very gravely.

But the dare-devil Castor climbed the schooner's side like a cat, and boarded her in a moment, then gave his men an order, and disappeared. The men pulled rapidly away from the schooner; and a snarl of contempt and horror broke from Curtis and his first mate. They seemed to be abandoning their imprudent but gallant officer.

They pulled about a hundred yards, and then rested on their oars and waited.

Then every sailor on board the *Phœbe* saw instinctively that Castor felt his danger, and had declined to risk any life but his own. He must have ordered the men to lie to a certain time, then give him up for lost, and return in safety to the ship. This trait and his daring made Castor, in one single moment, the darling of the whole ship's company.

The ladies were requested to go below, on some pretense or other; and the ship was cleared for action as far as possible.

Meantime words can hardly describe the racking suspense that was endured by the officers, and, in a great degree, by the crew of the *Phœbe*. The whole living heart of that wooden structure throbbed for one man.

Five minutes passed—ten—twenty—thirty—yet he did not re-appear.

Apprehension succeeded to doubt, and despair to apprehension.

At last they gave him up, and the burning desire for vengeance mingled with their fears for their own safety. So strong was this feeling that the next event, the pirate's attack upon that ill-fated officer's ship, was no longer regarded with unmixed dread. The thirst for vengeance mingled with it.

At ten o'clock A.M. the strained eyes on board the *Phœbe* saw two sidesmen appear amid-ships, and fix scarlet side-ropes.

Then came an officer and hailed Castor's boat. The men pulled to the schooner. Then Castor appeared, and went down by the ropes into the boat; he and the officer touched hats. Castor sat down in the stern-sheets, and the men gave way.

The ship's company cheered, the side was piped, and the insubordinate officer received on board with all the honors. Caps were waved, eyes glistened, and eager hands extended to him; but he himself did not seem so very exultant. He was pleased with his reception, however, and said, in his quaint way, "This is jolly. I am not to be put in irons, then."

The captain drew him apart. "Well, what is she?"

"Don't know."

"Why, what do you mean? You have been near an hour aboard her."

"But I am none the wiser. Captain, I wish you would have us all into your cabin, and then I'll tell you a rum story; perhaps you will understand it among you, for you know my head-piece isn't A1."

This advice was taken directly, and Castor related his adventures, in full conclave, with closed doors.

MR. CASTOR'S NARRATIVE.

"The beggar did not hang out so much as a rope to me. I boarded his hooker the same way I should like to board her again with thirty good cutlasses at my back; and I ordered the boat to lie out of harm's way for an hour.

"Well, I soon found myself on her quarter-deck, under the awning. By George, Sir, it was alive with men, as busy as bees, making their little preparations, drat 'em. Some were oiling the locks of the guns, some were cleaning small-arms, some were grinding cutlasses. They took no notice of me; and I stood there looking like an ass.

"I wondered whether they took me for a new officer just joined; but that was not likely. However, I wasn't going to notice *them*, as they hadn't the manners to notice me. So there I stood and watched them. And I had just taken out my vesuvians to light a cigar, when a middle-aged man, in a uniform I don't know, but the metal of it was silver, came bustling up, touched his cap to the deck, and brushed past me as if I was invisible; so I hung on to his coat tails, and brought him to under all his canvas."

This set the youngest mate giggling, but he was promptly frowned down.

"'Hullo!' says he, 'what are ye about? Why, who the deuce are *you?*'

"'Second mate of the *Phœbe*, alongside,' says I.

"'Mate of the *Phœbe*,' says he; 'then what brings you on board of *us?*'

"That was rather a staggerer, but I thought a bit, and said I wanted to see the captain of the schooner.

"Well, Sir, at this some of the men left off working, and looked up at me as if I was some strange animal.

"'*Do* you?' says the officer; 'then you are the only man aboard that does.' Then he turned more friendly like, and says, 'Look here, young gentleman, don't you go to meet trouble. Wait till it comes to you. Go back to your ship, before *she* sees you.'

"'She! Who?'

"'No matter. You sheer off, and leave our captain alone.'

"Now, gentlemen, I'm a good-tempered chap; and you may chaff me till all is blue; but I can't stand intimidation. If they threaten me, it puts my blood up. At school, if another boy threatened me, I never answered him; my fist used to fly at his mouth as soon as the threat was out of it."

"Good little boy," said Lewis.

But the captain was impatient. "Come, Sir, we don't want your boyish reminiscences: to the point, please."

"Ay, ay, Sir. Well, then, the moment he threatened me, I just turned my back on him and made for the companion ladder.

"'Avast there!' roared the officer, in an awful fright. 'Nobody uses that ladder but the captain himself and— Man alive, if you *will* see him, follow me.' So he led me down the main hatchway. By the chain-cable tier I came all of a sudden on three men in irons; ugly beggars they were, and wild-looking, reckless chaps. One of them ran a spare anklet along the bar, and says to me, 'Here you are; room for one more.' But my companion soon stopped his jaw. 'Silence in irons, or he'll cut your tongue out,' says he. He wouldn't go to the captain with me; but he pointed aft, and whispered, 'Last cabin but one, starboard side.' Then he sheered off, and I went for'ard and knocked at the cabin door. No answer; so I knocked louder. No answer; so I turned the handle and opened the door."

"Young madman!" groaned the captain.

"Not so very. I HAD MY LITTLE PLAN."

"Oh, he had his little plan," said Curtis, ironically, pityingly, paternally. Then, hotly, "Go on, Sir; don't keep us on tenter-hooks, like this."

"Well, captain, I opened that door, and oh, my eye! it wasn't a cabin; it was a nobleman's drawing-room; pile carpet an inch thick; beautiful painted ceiling; so many mirrors down to the ground, and opposite each other, they made it look like a big palace; satin-wood tables; luxurious couches and chairs; a polished brass stove, but all the door-handles silver; venetians, and rose-colored blinds and curtains. The sun just forced its way through, and made every thing pink. It was a regular paradise; but, instead of an angel, there was a great hulking chap, squatted cross-legged, on an ottoman at the further end, smoking a hookah as long and twisty as a boa-constrictor. The beggar wasn't smoking honest tobacco neither, but mixed with rose leaves and cinnamon shavings, and, in my opinion, a little opium, for he turned up his eyes like an owl in paradise."

"Not so very formidable, then."

"Formidable?—well, I wouldn't answer for that, at the proper time, and at the head of his cut-throats; for he was a precious big chap, with black brows, and a wicked-looking mustache and tuft. He was the sort of chap that nigger, who smothers his wife in the play, says he *killed*, 'a malignant and a turbaned Turk,' you know. But then it wasn't his fighting hour; he was in smoker's paradise, and it's my belief you might have marched up to him and knocked him on the head—like one of those devil-may-care penguins that won't budge for a cannon-ball—and then he would have gone smoking on the ground, till you cut his head off and took away his pipe. But you'll find the 'Malignant' had a protector, worse luck, and one that didn't smoke spice, but only looked it. Well, captain, I came up to the nearest table, and hit it pretty hard with my fist, to see if I could make that thundering picture jump."

"What picture?"

"Why, the 'Malignant and the Turbaned.' Devil a bit. He took no notice. So then I bawled at the beggar; 'Your most obedient, Sir; I'm the second mate of the *Phœbe*, lying alongside, and the captain has sent me to compare longitudes.'

"The 'Malignant' took no notice; just glared at me and smoked his pipe. He looked just like that 'Malignant Turban' that plays whist with you by machinery in London, and fixes his stony eyes on you all the time; but, with me bawling at him, a door opened, and in came a flood of light, and, in the middle of it—O Lord!"

"Well, what?"

"Just the loveliest woman I ever clapped eye on. The vision took me all aback, and I suppose I stared at her as hard as the 'Malignant' was staring at vacancy; for she smiled at my astonishment, and made me a sort of a haughty courtesy, and waved her hand for me to sit down. Then says she, mighty civil—too civil by half—'Have I the pleasure of addressing the captain of that beautiful ship?'

"'I'm her second officer, ma'am,' says I; but I was too dazzled by her beauty to make her up any lies all in a moment.

"'Bound for China?' says she, like honey.

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'A large crew?' says she, like treacle.

"'About ninety, ma'am,' says I, very short, for I began to smell a rat.

"'Many European sailors among them?' says she.

"So then I saw what the beautiful fiend would be at, and I said, 'About fifty.'

"'Indeed!' says she, smiling like Judas. 'You know ladies will be curious, and I could only count twenty-five.'

"'The rest were below, coiling ropes,' says I.

"So she laughed at that, and said, 'But I saw plenty of Lascars.'

"'Oh, our Lascars are picked men,' says I.

"'I wish you joy of them,' she says; 'we don't have them here: not to be trusted in EMERGENCIES, you know.'

"While I was swallowing this last pill, she at me again. Did we often exercise our guns? I said of course we did, in a calm. 'Why,' said she, 'that is not much use; the art is to be able to hit ships and *things* as you are rising or falling on the waves—so they *tell* me,' says she, correcting herself.

"The beautiful devil made my blood run cold. She knew too much.

"'What is your cargo?' says she, just as if she was our bosom-friend. But I wouldn't stand any more of it. 'Nutmegs,' says I. So she laughed, and said, 'Well, but seriously?' So then I thought chaffing her would do no good, and I told her we had landed the valuable part of our cargo at Bombay, and had only a lot of grates and fire-irons left. I put on a friendly tone, all sham, like hers, you know, and told her that tea ships depended on the cargo they brought home, not on the odds and ends they took out just to ballast the craft."

"Well, what was the next thing?"

"Oh, I remember she touched a silver bell, and a brown girl, in loose trousers and cocked-up shoes and a turban, came in with a gold tray—or it might be silver gilt—and a decanter of wine; and the lovely demon said, 'Pour out some wine, Zulema.'

"'No, thank you, ma'am,' said I. So she laughed, and said it wasn't poisoned. She sent off the slave, and filled two glasses, with the loveliest white hand, and such a diamond on it. She began drinking to me, and of course I did the same to her. 'Here's to our next merry meeting,' said she. My blood ran a little cold at that; but I finished my liquor. It was no use flying a white feather; so says I, 'Here's to the Corsair's bride.' Her eyes twinkled, but she made me a civil courtesy.

"'That's prime Madeira,' says I.

"She said yes, it had been their companion in several cruises.

"'It runs through a fellow like oil,' says I.

"'Then have some more,' said she.

"So I did, and then she did not say any more, and the 'Malignant' sat mum-chance: and I was pumped dry, and quite at a loss; so, not to look like a fool, I—asked 'em to breakfast."

"What! Who?"

"Why, the lady and gentleman: I mean the 'Malignant' and 'the Corsair's bride.'"

"Young madman!"

"Why, what harm could that do, captain?"

"What good could it do? What did they say?"

"She said, 'Are there any ladies aboard?'

"I said, 'Yes, and tip-top fashionable ones.'

"So then she looked at the 'Malignant,' and he never moved a muscle. So then she said, 'We will do ourselves the pleasure—IF WE ARE IN COMPANY,' and she smiled ever so knowingly, did that beautiful demon.

"Then I pretended cheerful. 'That is all right,' said I. 'Mind, I shall tell the ladies, and they will be awfully disappointed if you don't come.'

"'I assure you,' says she, 'we will come, IF WE ARE IN COMPANY. I give you my hand on it,' says she, and she put out her hand. It was lovely and white, but I looked at it as if 'twas the devil's claw; but I had to take it, or walk the plank; so I did take it, and—O Lord, would you believe it?—she gave mine such a squeeze."

Lewis. "Gammon!"

Castor. "I tell you she gave my flipper the most delicious squeeze you ever—it was so long, and soft, and gentle."

Curtis. "But what was it for?"

Castor. "At the time I thought it was to encourage me; for she said, ever so softly, 'You are a brave man.' But more likely it was to delude me and put me off my guard. Well, I was for sheering off after that, and I made a low bow to the 'Malignant.' He never got up, but he showed his little bit o' breeding, took the snake-pipe out of his mouth, and brought his head slowly down, an inch a minute, till he looked like pitch-poling over on to the floor and cutting a somersault; and, while he was going down and up again, the lady said, 'You had better wait a minute.' It was in a very particular way she said it; and she flew to a telegraph, and her white hands went clicking at an awful rate; and I can not get it out of my head that if those white hands hadn't worked those wires, I should have been cut in pieces at the cabin door. Not that I cared so very much for that. I HAD MY LITTLE PLAN. However, she left off clicking just as that old picture got his figure-head above his bows again; so I made my bow to 'em both, and sheered off; and blest if that elderly officer does not meet me at the door, and march before me to the quarter-deck; and there's another officer hailing my boat; and there were fine scarlet silk side-ropes fixed, and two men standing by them. So I came away in state. But I'm no wiser than I went. Whether it is an Eastern prince, out on pleasure, or a first-class pirate, I don't know. I hope you will order a tip-top breakfast, captain, for the honor of the ship; lobster curry, for one thing; and sharpen cutlasses and clean small-arms; and borrow all Mr. Greaves's revolvers; he is taking out quite a cargo of 'em: and that reminds me I forgot to tell you what my little plan was that made me so saucy. I borrowed one of Greaves's six-shooters; here it is, and at the first sign of treachery I wasn't going to waste powder, but just cut back and kill the 'Malignant' and the 'Corsair's bride;' for I argued they wouldn't have a successor ready, and ten to one they would have a quarrel who was to take the command; so that would save our hooker at the expense of one hand, and him a bachelor. Nobody minds a bachelor getting snuffed out."

Upon Mr. Castor revealing his little plan, the other officers insisted on shaking hands with him. At which he stared, but consented heartily; and finding himself in such unexpected favor, repeated his advice. "Prepare an excellent breakfast for to-morrow, and grind cutlasses, and load the guns with grape, and get all the small-arms loaded, especially revolvers; for," said Castor, "I *think* they mean to board us to-night, cut all our throats, ravish the women, and scuttle the craft, when they have rifled her; but if they don't, I'm *sure* they will come to breakfast. She gave me her hand on that, and the turbaned Turk nodded his thundering old piratical figure-head."

The other officers agreed with him that the ship would probably be attacked that night, and all possible preparations were made for her defense. They barred the ports on the main-deck, charged the cannon with grape, armed the Lascars with cutlasses, and the white men with muskets as well, and the officers and the boatswain with cutlasses and revolvers.

The sun set, and all was now grim expectation and anxiety. No watch was called, for the whole crew was the watch.

The moon came out, and showed the cutter, like a black snake, lying abominably near.

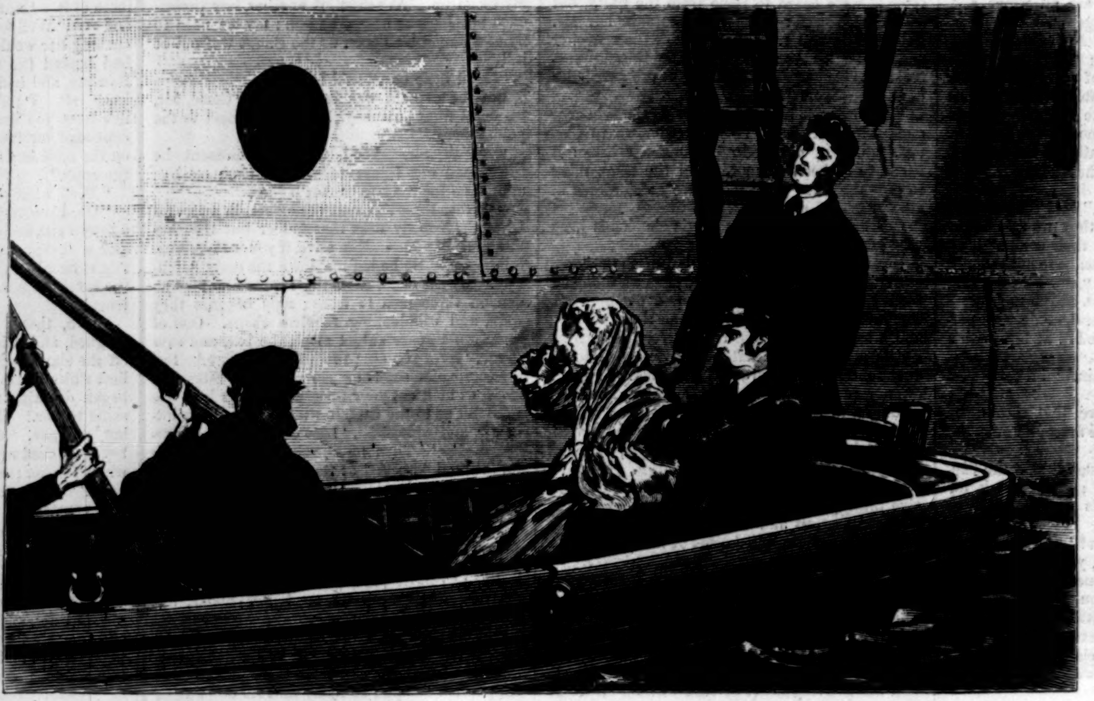
Hour after hour dragged by in chill suspense. Each bell, as it was struck, rang like a solemn knell.

Midnight came, and passed. Morning approached.

The best time for attacking seemed to have passed.

Fears began to lessen—hopes to glow.

The elastic Castor began to transfer his whole anxiety to the cook and his mate, standing firm to his theory that the Corsair and his bride would come to breakfast, if they did not attack the ship that night. The captain pooh-poohed this; and indeed Castor persuaded nobody but the cook. Him he so flattered about his fish patties and lobster curries, etc., that he believed any thing.



"LIFTED HER VEIL FOR ONE MOMENT, AND SHOWED HIM THE FACE OF ELLEN AP RICE."

Day broke, and the ship's company and officers breathed freely. Some turned in. But still the schooner was closely watched by many eyes and deck glasses, and keenly suspected.

Soon after eight bells there was a movement on board the schooner; and this was immediately reported by Mr. Castor, then in charge of the ship, to Captain Curtis. He came on deck directly.

"You are right, Sir," said he, handling his glass, "and they are lowering a boat. He is coming. And—by Jove, they are rigging a whip! There's a lady. Mr. Castor, rig a whip on the main-yard. Bear a hand there, forward. Bosen, attend the side. Here, sling this chair. Smart, now—they are shoving off."

Six able oarsmen brought the Corsair and his bride, with race-horse speed, from the schooner to the ship.

But there were smart fellows on board the *Phœbe* too. There was a shrill wind of the boatswain's pipe-call, the side was promptly manned, the chair lowered into the schooner's boat as she came alongside, and gently hoisted, with the lady in it, and she was landed on the deck of the *Phœbe*.

She had a thick veil on.

The commander of the schooner drew up beside her, and Captain Curtis came forward, and the two commanders off hats and bowed.

The captain of the schooner was now gorgeous in a beautiful light blue uniform, the cloth glossy as velvet and heavy with silver, as was also his cap.

The captain led the way to the cabin. His guests followed. The ladies were duly informed, and dropped in one after another. Then the Corsair's bride removed her veil, and revealed a truly beautiful woman, in the prime of youth, with a divine complexion, and eyes almost purple, so deep was their blue.

Captain Curtis seated this dazzling creature to his right, and, to the surprise of the company, her companion immediately seated himself on her other side. The ladies looked at each other and smiled, as much as to say, "He is jealous; and no great wonder." However, they talked to her across the body of her lord, and she to them, and she was a most piquant addition to the table, and full of spirit. She seemed devoted to her companion.

For all that, she had a letter in her pocket, which she intended to confide to one of those ladies she had never seen before in all her life; and she was now quietly examining their faces and judging their voices, as she conversed with them, merely to make the best selection of a confidante she could.

The breakfast did honor to the ship, and the Corsair praised the lobster curry, and made himself very agreeable all round.

Presently one of the ladies said to Mr. Castor, "But where is Mr. Greaves?" Castor told her he had been disabled by a shot a lubberly gunner had dropped on his foot, and was confined to his cabin.

"Oh dear," said the lady; "poor Mr. Greaves! How unlucky he is!"

"Is it one of your officers?" asked the strange lady, quietly.

"No, ma'am; he is a Queen's officer, lieutenant of the *Centaur*, going out with us as passenger."

Then the lady changed color, but said nothing, and speedily turned the conversation; but the Corsair looked black as thunder, and became rather silent all of a sudden.

The ladies rose, and invited the fair stranger to go with them.

"Please excuse her," said the Corsair, in a civil but commanding tone.

She seemed indifferent.

Soon after this an officer came in, and said, joyfully, "Wind from the *nor'*west."

"Ah!" said the stranger; "then we must leave you, Sir. Come on deck, dear."

When they got on deck, the lady said, rather pettishly, "Wind? I feel no wind." Thereupon Mr. Castor pointed out to her a dark blue line, about eight miles off, on the pale blue water.

"Oh," said she, "that is wind, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am, and a good breeze too; it will be here in twenty minutes. Why, your boat is gone! Never mind, we will take you."

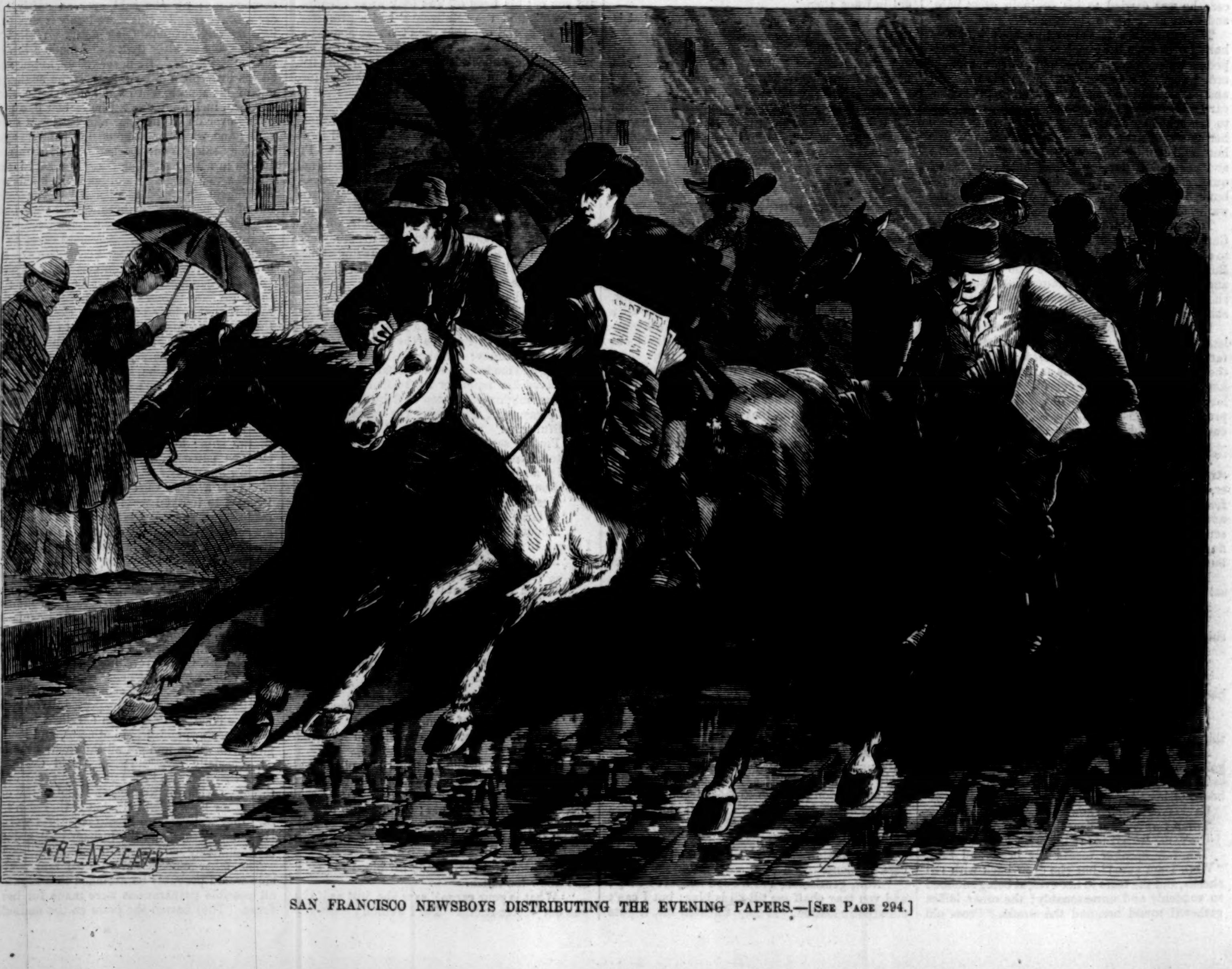
"By all means," said she, aloud; then, as she turned from him, she said, in a swift whisper, "Sit near me in the boat; I've something for you."

Now this conversation passed at the head of the companion ladder, and Greaves heard the lady's voice, though not the words. He started violently, huddled on his clothes, and would have hobbled on deck; but the boat was brought alongside in full view from the port window of his cabin. He heard her grate the ship's side, and opened the window just as the lady was lowered into the boat. The chair was hoisted. The lady, with her veil down as she had come, took her seat on the stern thwart, beside her companion, Castor sitting at the helm.

"Shove off!" was the word.

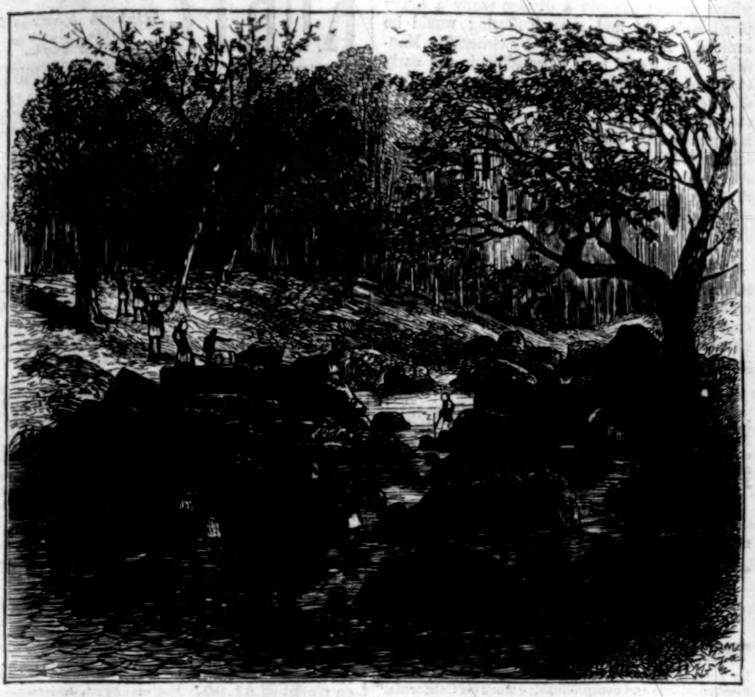
Then, as they turned the boat's head round, the lady, who had seen Greaves through her veil, and had time to recognize him in spite of his beard, lifted her veil for one moment, and showed him the face of Ellen Ap Rice—that face he had loved so well, and suffered so cruelly for loving it. That face was pale and eloquent beyond the power of words. There was self-reproach, a prayer for forgiveness, and, stranger still, a prayer to that injured friend—FOR HELP.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

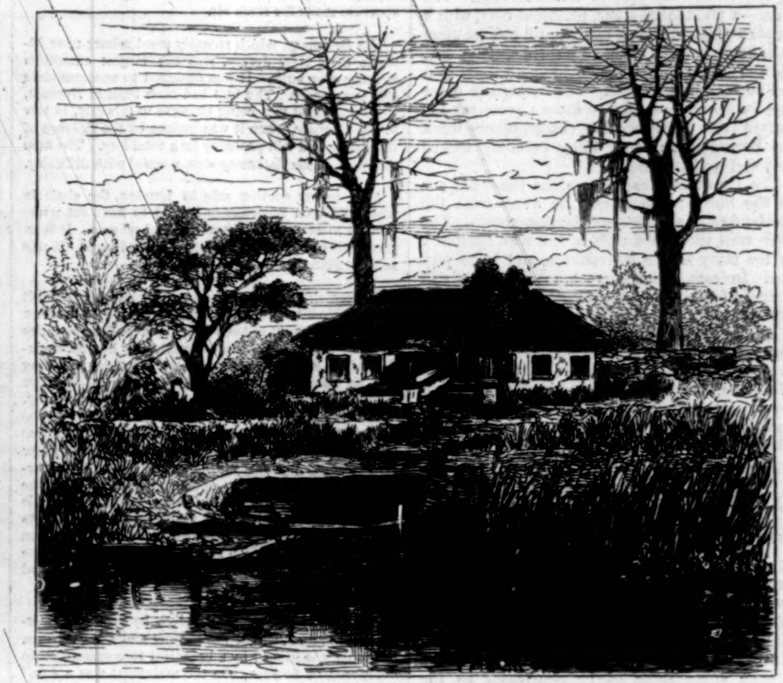


SAN FRANCISCO NEWSBOYS DISTRIBUTING THE EVENING PAPERS.—[SEE PAGE 294.]

THE LIVINGSTONIA MISSION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

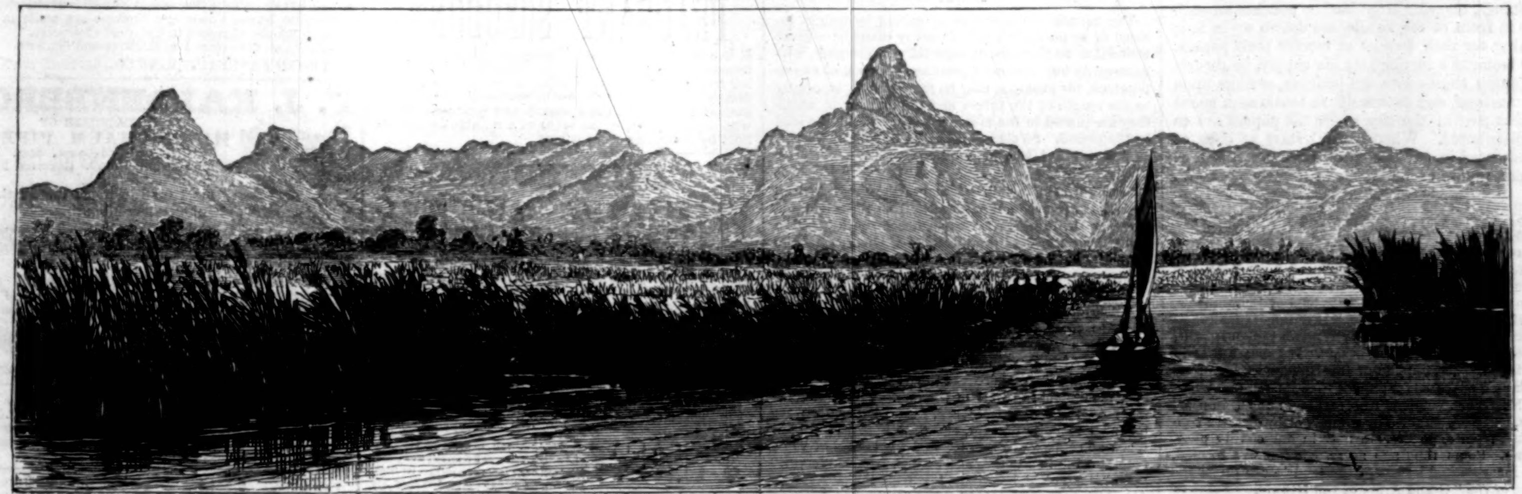


THE MACOROMAZIE, AT ITS CONFLUENCE WITH THE SHIRÉ.



SHUPANGA HOUSE, WHERE MRS. LIVINGSTONE DIED.

Shortly after the death of Dr. Livingstone, a movement was set on foot in England to plant settlements on Lake Nyassa and the river Shiré. The expedition was under the leadership of Lieutenant Young, of the British navy. He left Lake Nyassa on the 2d of last November, at which time every thing was going on well. A village called Livingstonia had been founded on the shore of the lake, and houses and workshops had been erected. A steamer, which had been carried out in sections, was put together on the lake, on which it is now plying. With a view to ascertain the extent of that fine body of water, Lieutenant Young circumnavigated Nyassa, and found that it ran to the north upward of 100 miles further than Dr. Livingstone had thought. The shores of the lake are described as the finest he had ever seen. Magnificent woods abound every where. On the northeastern shores a range of very high mountains runs parallel to the lake for upward of 100 miles; the height is from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, and they slope very steeply to the very margin, the flanks rising often at an angle of forty-five degrees from the lake. The circumnavigation took a month, and Lieutenant Young has prepared a careful map of Nyassa, which, published with his journal, will not fail to be received with great interest as a most valuable contribution to our geographical knowledge of that hitherto unknown country. Lake Nyassa is 250 miles long, and on an average of sixty miles broad, and is, in fact, an inland sea of no mean extent. It teems with fish. The attempt to sound one spot of it with 140 fathoms of line failed to get bottom at that depth. Sailing on it, as Lieutenant Young remarks, is like sailing on the Atlantic. During his voyage of circumnavigation they experienced a fearful gale of wind, which compelled him to lay to for two days. The height of the Nyassa above the sea is 1834 feet.

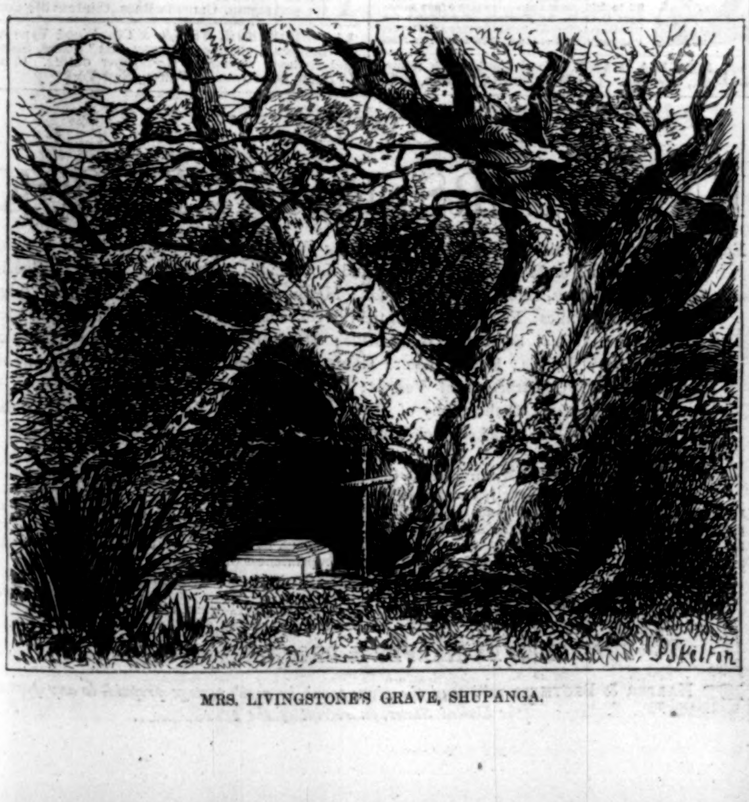


MANSANJE, LOOKING EAST FROM MORAMBALA MARSH.

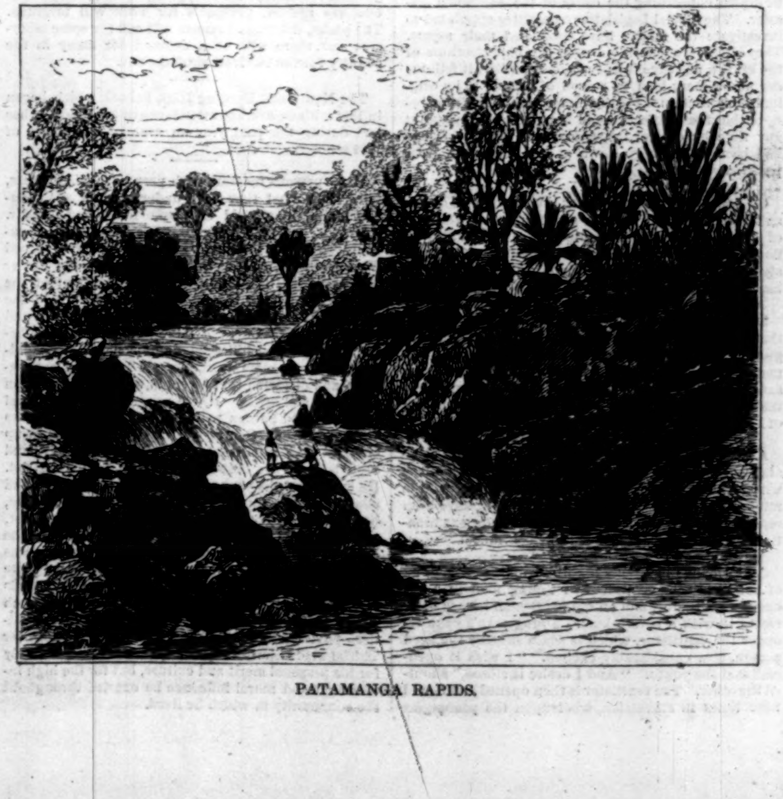
The sketches on this page illustrate various scenes along the route of the expedition on its way to Lake Nyassa. Of special interest is the view of the old Shupanga House, at Shupanga, on the right bank of the Zambezi, some distance below the confluence of the Shiré with that river. This is the house where Mrs. Livingstone died. Mr. Simons, the naturalist to the mission, says:

"It is an old, substantially built, square house, walls three feet seven inches thick, stone, plastered over, and contains five rooms; two of the rooms have niches for sleeping. The house is mentioned by Owen's surveying party, who lived in it in 1826. On each side are a pair of bombics (false cotton). The large fig-tree has gone; under it Dr. Stewart has seen many a piece of calico paid over to Landeens—a kind of Zulu who came once a year to lift tribute, and made it so hot for the Portuguese that they have at last been compelled to abandon the place altogether. It commands a fine view of the river, and Mount Morambala can just be seen on clear days."

We also give a sketch of Mrs. Livingstone's grave at Shupanga, of which Mr. Simons says:



MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE, SHUPANGA.



PATAMANGA RAPIDS.

"The grave is close to the house (Shupanga House), under a large baobab-tree, the largest on the river, sixty feet in circumference. The grave—a plain large stone, plastered over, with a simple wooden cross—is not seen till you are close to it, being entirely hidden by shrubs, grass, etc., and the large tree. A well-made path leads to it and surrounds the stone. This is kept in order by—we should just like to know; some say the natives from a neighboring village, others think the Portuguese. Every thing certainly looked neat and well attended."

The Patamanga rapids are the finest but one on the Shiré. The largest lie away from the overland road, so these are the best known. The river runs through a cleft in the rock (granite). In the rainy season it overflows, and looks very fine. In front, beside the rock, a small pool of still water is found. It gives a very good idea of the rapids, and is certainly the most picturesque.

Another sketch gives a view of Mansanje, looking east from Morambala marsh. Mr. SIMONS says: "We entered the Shiré at three in the afternoon, and kept winding about among high reeds. Far away Morambala is disappearing, and the Mansanje chain of hills, the highest of which is a perfect cone, flat at the top, is becoming more and more distinct."

FROM TOWER TO TOWER.

OUR illustration on page 288 gives a good idea of the view to be obtained from the top of the Brooklyn tower of the East River Bridge. The temporary foot-bridge stretches in a graceful curve from tower to tower, diminishing almost to a thread as it ascends on the farther side. Beneath, the shipping of the East River presents strange appearances of foreshortening as the spectator looks down from his dizzy height upon the masts of sailing craft and the chimneys of tugs and ferry-boats. When completed, the bridge will be a favorite promenade, no doubt, for those who wish to enjoy the splendid view it will afford.

SAN FRANCISCO NEWSBOYS.

THE space before the offices of the San Francisco daily newspapers presents every morning and evening a picturesque spectacle. Spirited mustangs, carrying large leather pouches on each side in front of the saddle, are drawn up in line, waiting for their owners to receive their papers. The moment a carrier gets his supply, he thrusts the damp sheets into the pouches, springs upon his mustang, and dashes off at break-neck speed to that part of the city where his papers are to be distributed. When several start at once, as represented in our sketch on page 292, the race becomes quite exciting.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE project of establishing a Home at Bath, Steuben County, for the disabled soldiers of New York has again been brought to public notice. A meeting of prominent citizens was recently held at Delmonico's, on which occasion the subject was enthusiastically discussed, and addresses made by William Cullen Bryant, General John A. Dix, and others. It appears that in Soldiers' Homes, outside of this State, over 1500 New York men are cared for; and it is estimated that 700 or 800 New York soldiers, who served in the Union armies, and were disabled by wounds or by diseases contracted from exposure, are now in our county poor-houses. Some time ago an association was formed, and incorporated by act of the Legislature under the name of the "Grand Army of the Republic's Soldiers' Home," to provide for disabled soldiers of the army and navy. It has raised $40,000, and a farm has been purchased in Steuben County; but $60,000 more are wanted. Those who sacrificed strength, health, and limbs in the service of their country surely deserve an asylum where they may enjoy the comforts to which their patriotism entitles them. Some generous subscriptions to this object have already been made, and on April 17 it is expected that a meeting will be held at the Academy of Music, when an appeal will be made to the citizens of New York.

All investigations show that but one conclusion can be drawn concerning the cause of the Ashtabula disaster. The special Legislative committee appointed to investigate the matter have submitted their report. They enter into details showing the imperfections of the bridge, and give it as their opinion that it fell under an ordinary load by reason of defects in its original construction. Furthermore, the committee believe that these defects could have been discovered at any time by careful inspection, and that the bridge had been liable to go down at any time during the past ten years.

On some of the great railway lines between London and Liverpool, and London and Edinburgh, the rate of speed is sometimes as high as seventy miles an hour, and the British public is beginning to feel some alarm in regard to it. Accidents on these lines are usually terribly fatal.

Staten Island is in a fever of indignation concerning the continued use of Stapleton flats as a dumping ground for New York and Brooklyn garbage. The matter is arousing the attention of residents from a sanitary point of view, and certain physicians believe that the proximity of the offal will endanger the health of the inhabitants of some of the villages.

After a careful examination, the suspension-bridge at Niagara is pronounced entirely safe. Out of 1450 wires, constituting the four large cables, only ten of the minor ones were found corroded, and they have been replaced by new ones. But a most minute examination by practical engineers is to be continued.

An exchange mentions the following novel method of compromising a difficulty: Young man in a car opens a ventilator, and an old gentleman immediately closes it, with a severe look. Young man's cane reopens the ventilator, which is again shut by the aged person, now considerably excited. "I wish it opened," said the youth. "And I desire it closed," shouted the other. The ventilator is then opened and closed nine times in succession, whereupon the passengers take sides in an animated discussion, which is cut short by a practical man smashing the glass, thus satisfying both parties, the ventilator being closed and an aperture made for fresh air.

The *Rockaway*, which recently went ashore near Atlantic City, New Jersey, was the largest excursion steamer ever built. It was designed to accommodate 4000 passengers. The hull had been built at Norfolk, Virginia, and it was being brought to this city, in tow of the *Wyanoke*, when it was broken by the violence of the storm, and will probably be a total loss. The men on board of the *Rockaway* were rescued with difficulty.

At a recent auction sale in London, the chair in which William Shakspeare is said to have sat while writing most of his plays was placed on sale. It is an arm-chair of oak, with a slightly curved back. It was sold for $225.

Oysters—if reports are true—are beginning to exhibit remarkable intelligence. Some fine oysters in the New York Aquarium have been daily fed with little dainties by their attendant, without exhibiting any appreciation of his kindness until recently. One day, not long ago, he was surprised to see the shells of the oysters open on his approach, as if they expected something. So he put the food within the expanded shell of one of the bivalves, which immediately closed. This was repeated until the oyster became so tame as to allow the attendant to insert his finger into its shell. A person who witnessed this operation thought that the oyster would not know the difference if he put his finger in. He tried it, and instantly the sharp jaws closed with a force that made the experimenter squirm with pain. But as soon as the attendant touched the oyster, it seemed to recognize him, and the imprisoned finger was released.

At a dinner party recently given by Secretary Sherman to the members of the cabinet and a few friends, the table was graced by a beautiful three-masted ship composed of flowers. On the mainmast was a small United States flag, which Secretary Sherman said his little daughter had placed there. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, said, in his dry Yankee way, to the Secretary of the Navy, who sat opposite to him, "Well, Mr. Thompson, will you please tell us if that is the correct position for the American flag to occupy on a ship?" Every body awaited the reply with interest, for it is well known that the new Secretary is no sailor, and they thought he was cornered. But he took advantage of the cabinet custom, and replied, in a dignified manner, "Ahem! I will refer you, Sir, to the Attorney-General." The answer was greeted with peals of laughter.

The adoption of a system of selling by weight instead of by measure would in many cases be a great protection to purchasers, especially to the poor, who necessarily buy in small quantities. A peck of sweet-potatoes, for example, may be more or less, according to the length of the tubers and the manner in which they are placed in the measure. They should be sold by the pound. So also eggs should be sold by weight, as well as bread, and many other articles.

The project of a railroad across the great African desert has received a new impulse from the celebrated traveller Dr. Rohlfs. He advocates a route between Tripoli, on the Mediterranean, and Kuka, on Lake Tchad. The line will cross 1200 miles of desert, but Dr. Rohlfs thinks that it will find sufficient water supply.

A Boston newspaper tells a story of a car conductor of that city who found among the straw on the floor of his car a pocket-book. Examination showed that it contained $150, some papers of value, and a card with the name and address of the owner—a lady living in a fashionable quarter of the city. The conductor went to the lady's residence. On representing his business to be important, she consented to see him, when he said: "Madam, I found something of value this morning in a horse-car on which I am conductor." "Ah," she replied, languidly, "you are the person who found my porte-monnaie?" "Yes," he replied, handing the missing property to her; "I think it belongs to you." Receiving it without thanking him, she said, "I suppose you were obliged to ride over here: there are ten cents; take six out for your fare, and return me four." The conductor thanked her, but refused the reward. While recording this incident it is consoling to remember that many things in the newspapers are not true.

It is stated that the number of unemployed laborers who are seeking work in this city is not less than 55,000. Petitions have been sent to the Common Council for work. As the spring opens, and general business revives, prospects for work will brighten. The parks, docks, and streets will call for some laborers; and there will be a demand for many in the country for the cultivation of the soil.

The New York Evening High School, which began in 1866 with an average attendance of 555 scholars, has had during the past year an average attendance of 1036 scholars.

Many persons meeting with pecuniary misfortunes, failures in what they have undertaken, or with personal afflictions, yield to despondency and despair. For such, and indeed for all, there is a lesson of encouragement in the history of a Frenchman named Xavier Thiriat. About thirty years ago, when Xavier was a boy of ten, living in the Department of the Vosges, a little girl fell into a brook over which she was crossing on a loose plank, and he plunged in and saved her. The boy, not taking care of himself, became thoroughly chilled, and a dangerous disease followed. He became a cripple, and his limbs so paralyzed and distorted that he could only move about on his hands and knees. It was supposed that he would be a wretched burden to himself and his family, who were very poor. Contrary to expectation, he grew up cheerful and intelligent. He read extensively, and soon became the best-educated man in his district. He influenced the young people about him to read and study, he made contributions to the local newspaper, became a good botanist, meteorologist, and geologist, and instructed others in these branches. Finally he became manager of a telegraph in the vicinity, was made secretary to the mayor, and continued to write for several agricultural newspapers. As a token of his merit, he received the gold medal from the French Franklin Society. Amid almost all possible disabilities—poverty, deformity, and intense suffering—Xavier Thiriat made himself respected and honored, not only for his personal merit and culture, but for the high intellectual and moral influence he exerted throughout the community in which he lived.

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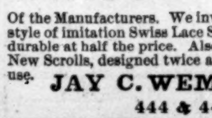

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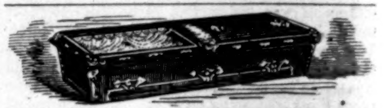

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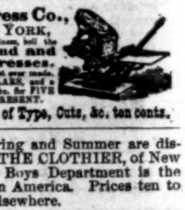

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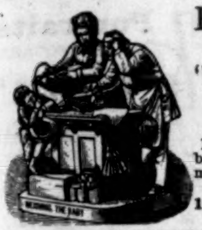

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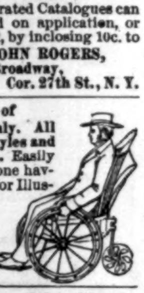

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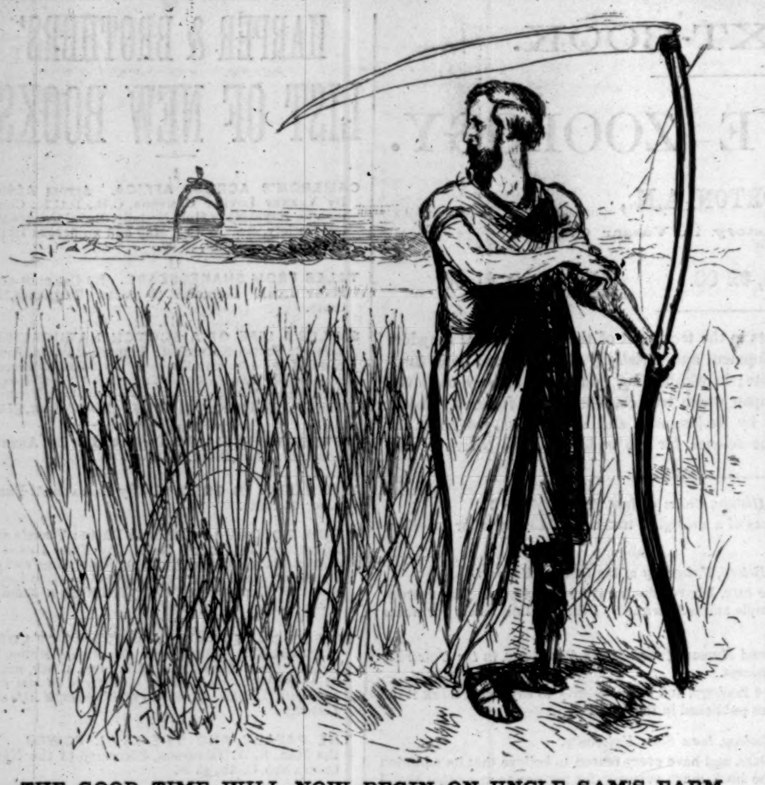

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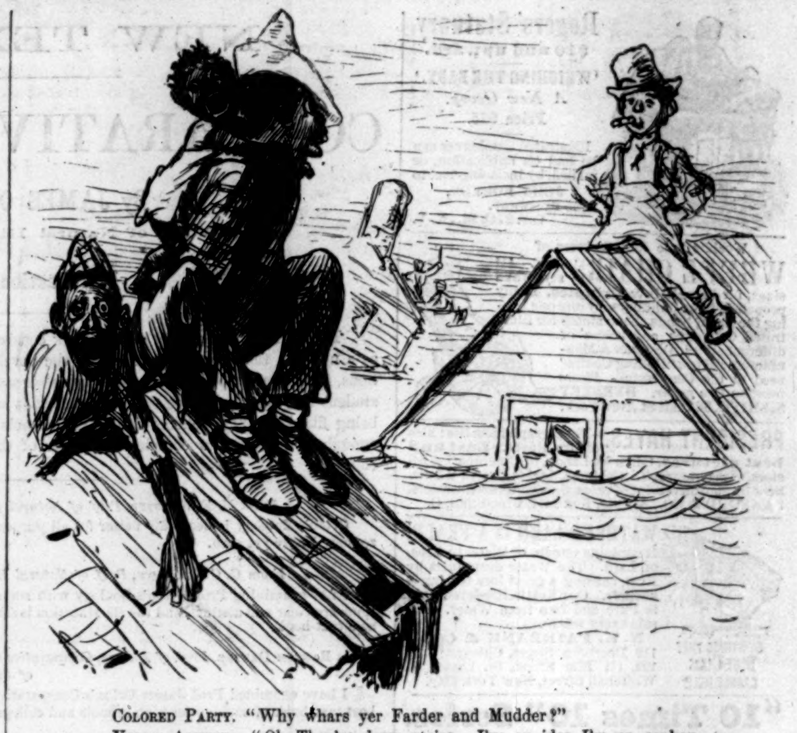

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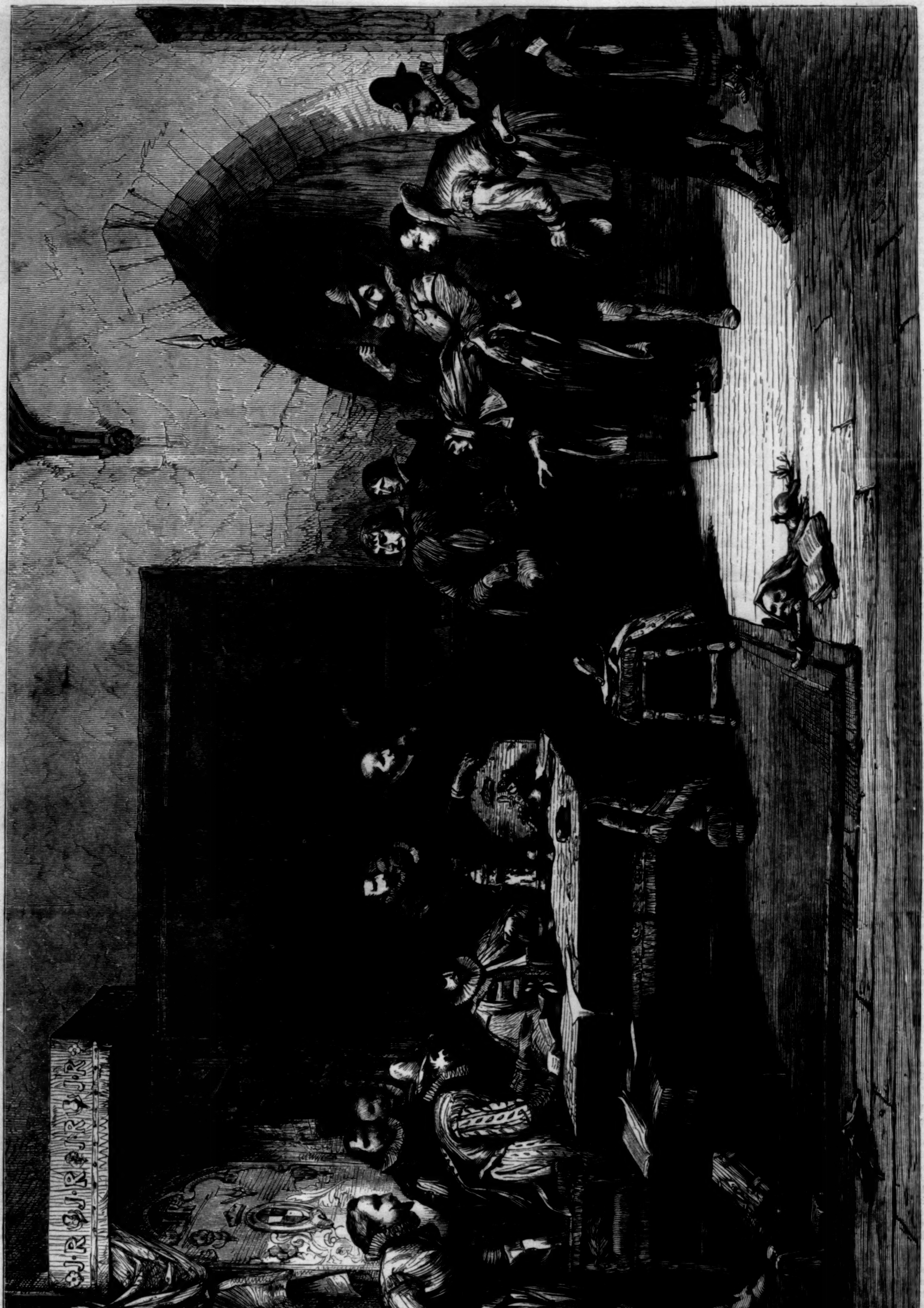


KING JAMES EXAMINING A WITCH.—[From the Picture by C. Cattermole.]

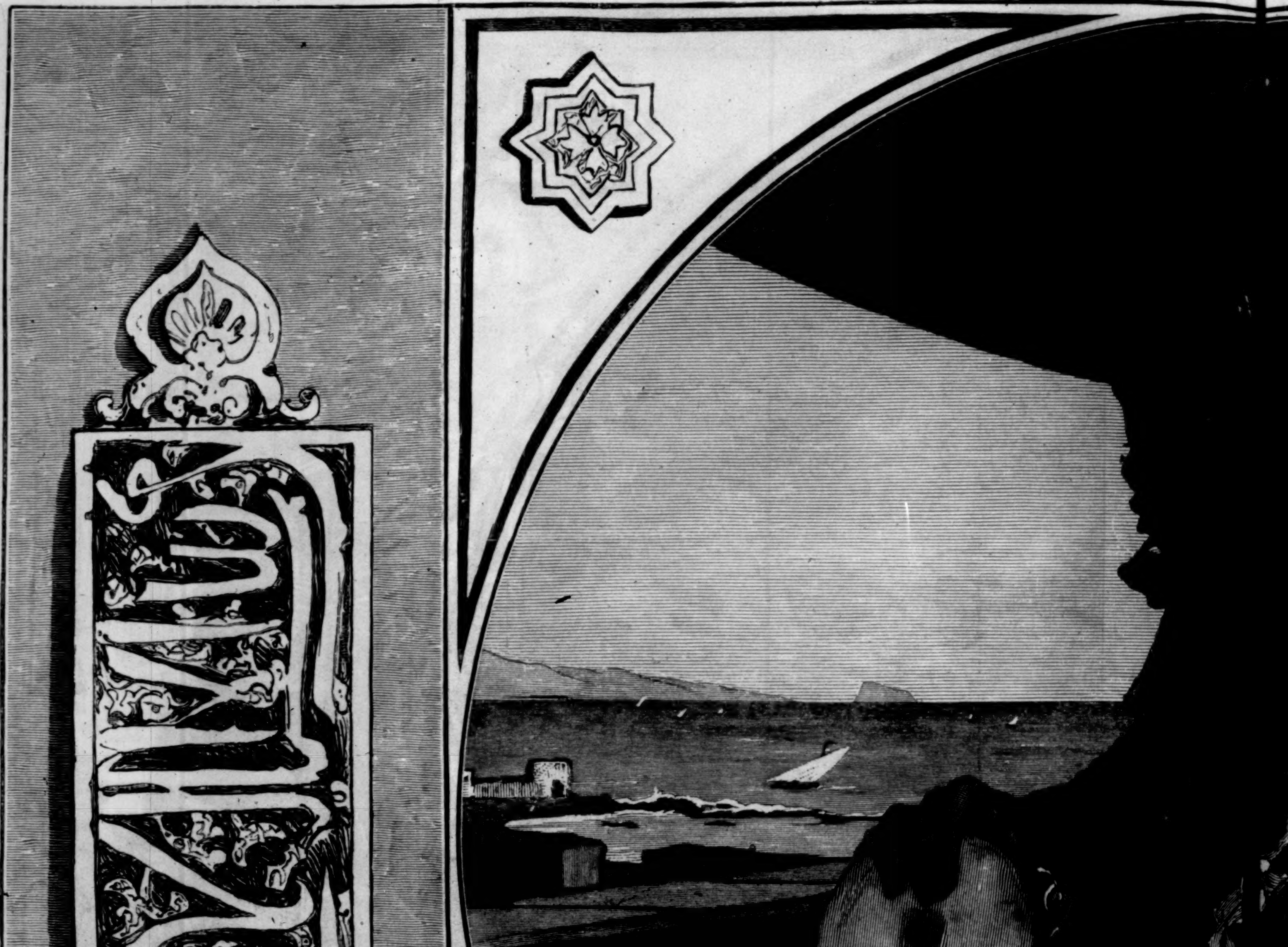
KING JAMES EXAMINING A WITCH.

The prosecutions for witchcraft form one of the most deplorable episodes in human history. They show more strikingly than any thing else has ever done what relentless cruelty human nature is capable of under the influence of fanatical delusion, and also how little reliance is to be placed on the concurrence of any number of witnesses, when extensive excitement prevails, on a subject involving the sentiment of wonder.

Throughout the Middle Ages it is doubtful if any person could have been found who doubted the reality of witchcraft, and it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that any one had the courage to raise his voice against the enormities which the belief occasioned. The first to do so was probably a physician of Germany, named J. Weier, who was followed in 1584 by Reginald Scot, "a solid and learned person, beyond almost all the English of that age." This revolt against popular superstition was met by an army of defenders, who branded the skeptics as "Sadducees;" and among the most prominent champions of the hideous delusion was his Majesty James VI. of Scotland. Says Sir Walter Scott, in his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft:* "Beside the general satisfaction of the English in coming once more under the rule of a king, they were also proud of his supposed abilities and real knowledge of books and languages, and were naturally, though imprudently, disposed to gratify him by deferring to his judgment in matters wherein his studies were supposed to have rendered him a special proficient. Unfortunately, beside the more harmless freak of becoming a prentice in the art of poetry, by which words and numbers were the only sufferers, the monarch had composed a deep work upon demonology, embracing in their fullest extent the most absurd and gross of the popular errors. He considered his life and crown as habitually aimed at by the sworn slaves of Satan. Several persons had been executed for an attempt to poison him by magical arts; and the turbulent **Francis Stewart**, Earl of Bothwell, whose repeated attempts on his person had long been **James**'s terror, had begun his course of rebellion by a consultation with the weird sisters and soothsayers."

The English statute against witchcraft, passed in the very first year of his reign, was, therefore, of a most special nature, describing witchcraft by all the various modes and ceremonies in which, according to the king's fancy, the crime could be perpetrated. Each was declared felony without the benefit of clergy. "Any one," says this act, "that shall use, practice, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, or entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit *to or for any purpose*, or take up any dead man, etc., such offender, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death." Many years had not elapsed after the passing of the statute before the delusion which had hitherto caused but occasional local mischief became an epidemical frenzy, which to a greater or less extent devastated every corner of England.

Before the accession of **James** to the English throne the execution of witches had been very common in Scotland, where the king had already made himself a party to the cause, and the clergy esteemed themselves such from the very nature of their office. The general spite of Satan and his adherents was supposed to be especially directed against **James** on account of his marriage with **Anne** of Denmark. The clergy considered that the Roman Catholics were equally devoted to the devil, the mass, and the witches, which, in their opinion, were mutually associated together, and natural allies in the great cause of mischief. Thus it could not be doubted that the union of a Protestant princess with a Protestant prince, King of Scotland and heir of England, was an event calculated to strike the whole kingdom of darkness with alarm. **James** was exceedingly vain of the unusual amount of spirit he had displayed on his voyage in quest of his bride, and liked to fancy that he had performed it not only in opposition to the indirect policy, but to the malevolent purpose, of hell itself. His fleet had been tempest-tossed, and he very naturally believed that the Prince of the Powers of the Air had been personally active on the occasion.



WOMEN O MORC

The principal person implicated in these heretical and treasonable undertakings was **Agnes Simpson**, or **Sampson**, called the wise wife of Keith, and described by Archbishop **Spottiswood** not as one of the base or ignorant class of ordinary witches, but as a grave matron, composed and deliberate in her answers, which were all to some purpose. This grave dame, from the terms of her indictment, seems to have been a kind of "white witch," affecting to cure diseases by words and charms—a dangerous profession, considering the times in which she lived. Nor did she always keep on the safe side of the law in such delicate operations. One article in her indictment proves this, and at the same time establishes that the wise woman of Keith knew how to turn her profession to account; for being consulted in the illness of **Isabel Hamilton**, she gave her opinion that nothing could induce a cure unless the devil were raised. The sick woman's husband, startled at the proposal, and being indifferent perhaps about the issue, would not bestow the necessary funds, whereupon the wise woman refused to raise the devil, and the patient died. This woman was principally engaged in an extensive conspiracy to destroy the fleet of the queen by raising a tempest, and to take the king's life by anointing his linen with poisonous materials, and by constructing figures of clay to be wasted and tormented after the usual fashion of necromancy. Among her associates was an unhappy lady of much higher degree. This was Dame **Euphane MacCalzean**, the widow of a Senator of the College of Justice, and a person infinitely above the rank of the obscure witches with whom she was associated in crime. Mr. **Pitcairn** supposes that this connection may have arisen from her devotion to the Catholic faith and her friendship for the Earl of Bothwell.

The third person in this singular league of sorcerers was Dr. **Jean Fian**, otherwise **Cunninghame**. He was a school-master, and enjoyed a doubtful reputation as a warlock. In an account of the transaction afterward published in London under the heading of "News from Scotland," this man was made the hero of the whole tale of necromancy. Besides these persons, there was **Barbara Napier**, alias **Douglas**, a person of some rank, **Geillis Duncan**, a very active witch, and about thirty other poor creatures of the lowest condition. Among the rest, and door-keeper to the conclave, was a silly old plowman called by his nickname "Graymeal," who was cuffed by the devil for simply saying, "God bless the king!"

When the monarch of Scotland sprung this strong covey of his favorite game, they afforded him and the Privy Council sport for the greater part of the remaining winter. He attended the examinations himself, and by one means and another they were arran
pleasure. **Agnes Sam**
led the conspiracy, afte
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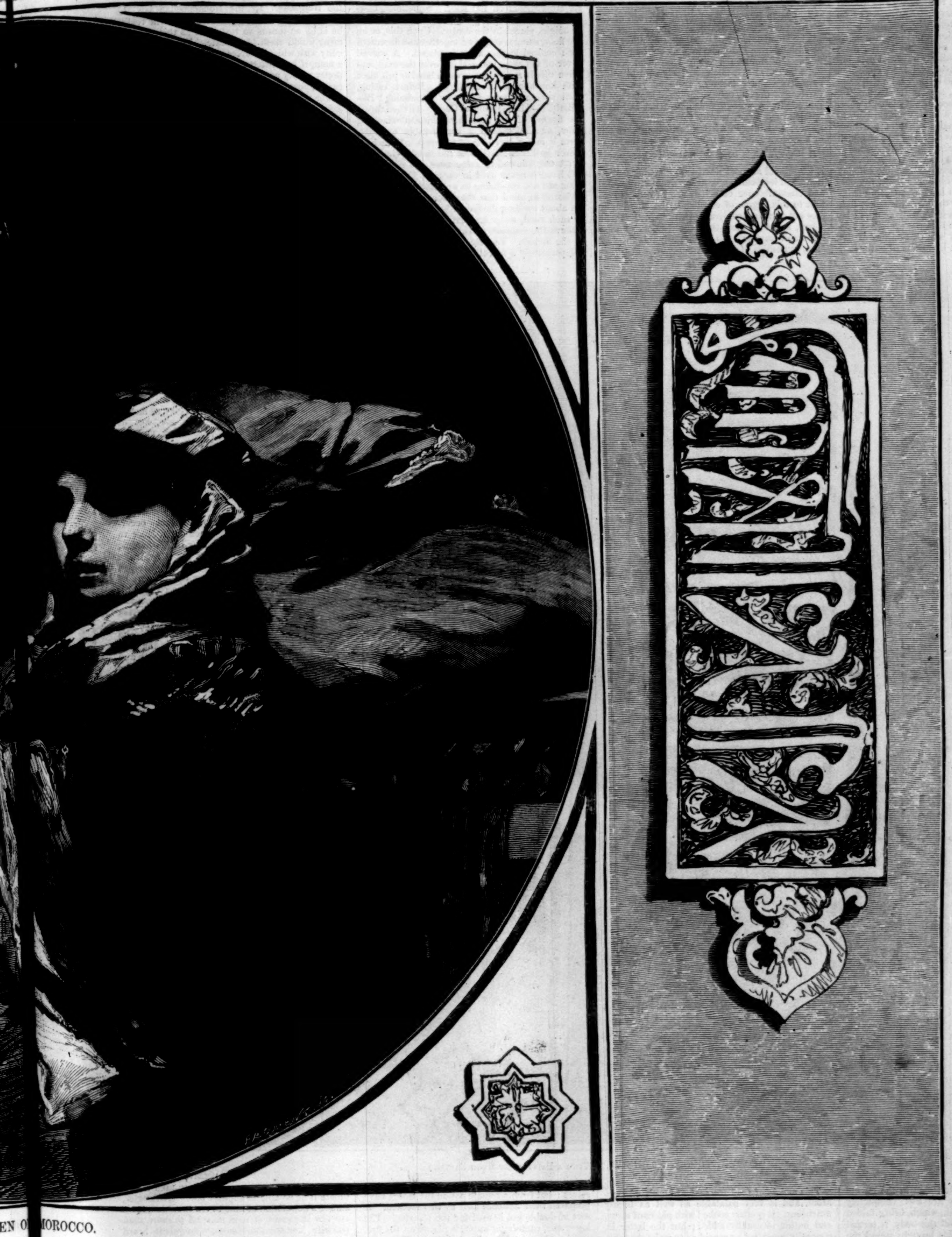
of men knit to its feet,
sea to excite a tempest.



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at length[illegible]ted for advice, told
h respect[illegible]King JAMES, "Il est
Dieu"—(h[illegible]man of God). The
o acknow[illegible]d that she had held
those of[illegible]sisterhood, who had
by certain[illegible]s, having four joints
its feet, [illegible]they threw into the
tempest. [illegible]ther frolic they had

when, like the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, they embarked in sieves, with much mirth and jollity, the Fiend rolling himself before them on the waves, dimly seen, and resembling a huge hay-stack in size and appearance. They went on board of a foreign ship richly laden with wines, where, invisible to all the crew, they feasted till the sport grew tiresome. Then Satan sunk the vessel and all on board.

FIAN OR CUNNINGHAME was also visited by the sharpest tortures. The nails were torn from his fingers by smith's pincers; pins were driven into the places which the nails usually defended; his knees were crushed in the "boots;" his finger-bones were splintered in the "pilnie winks." At length his constancy, hitherto sustained, as the by-standers supposed, by the help of the devil, was fairly overcome, and he gave account of a great witch meeting at which they paced round the church "wither shins," that is, in reverse of the motion of the sun. FIAN then blew into the lock of the church door, whereupon the bolts gave way, the unhallowed crew entered, and their master, the devil, appeared to his servants in the shape of a black man, occupying the pulpit. He was saluted with a "Hail, master!" but the company were dissatisfied with his not having brought a picture of the king, which had been repeatedly promised, and which was to place his majesty at the mercy of this infernal crew. The devil was particularly upbraided on this subject by divers respectable-looking females—no doubt EUPHANE MAC-CALZEAN, BARBARA NAPIER, AGNES SAMPSON, and some other amateur witches above those of the ordinary profession. The devil on this memorable occasion forgot himself, and called FIAN by his own name instead of the demoniacal soubriquet of "Rob the Rowar," which had been assigned to him as Master of the Rows, or Rolls. This was considered as bad taste, and the rule is still observed at every rendezvous of forgers, smugglers, or the like, where it is accounted very indifferent manners to name an individual by his own name, in case of affording ground of evidence which may upon a day of trial be brought up against him. Satan, somewhat disconcerted, concluded the evening with a divertisement and a dance after his own manner. The former consisted in disinterring a newly buried corpse and dividing it in fragments among the company, and the ball was maintained by well nigh two hundred persons, who danced a ring dance, singing a quaint couplet. After this choral exhibition, the music seems to have been rather imperfect, the number of dancers considered. GEILLIS DUNCAN was the only instrumental performer, and she played on a jew's-harp, called in Scotland a *trump*. Dr. FIAN, muffled, led the ring, and was highly honored, generally acting as clerk or recorder.

King JAMES was deeply interested in the accounts of these mysterious meetings, and took great delight in being present at the examinations of the accused. Our picture on page 297 shows the grave and serious attitude of the monarch as, surrounded by his courtiers, he was accustomed to listen to the frenzied revelations of some poor old hag, whose only offenses against society were probably poverty and helplessness. On the occasion of the great conspiracy he sent for GEILLIS DUNCAN, and caused her to play before him the same tune to which Satan and his companions led the dance in North Berwick church-yard. His ears were also gratified in another way, for at this meeting it was said the witches demanded of the devil why he bore such enmity against the king. Satan returned the flattering answer that JAMES was the greatest enemy that he had in the world.

Almost all the poor wretches mentioned were executed, nor did the high station of EUPHANE MAC-CALZEAN save her from the common doom. She was strangled to death, and the remains burned to ashes.

WOMEN OF MOROCCO.

THE accompanying engraving gives the portrait of a dusky Eastern beauty, who was thus sketched by an adventurous artist during a visit to Tangier, the principal seaport of Morocco. The seclusion in which Moorish ladies are compelled to live allows them few opportunities of catching a glimpse of the outside world, and even their infrequent hours of exercise are rendered wearisome by the heavy veils and mantles that must shroud their figures when abroad. When evening comes, however, they seek a refuge from the heat and closeness of their rooms on the terrace of their various houses. Here the envious veil or haik may be dispensed with, and the cooling breezes from the sea allowed to play over the lovely features so jealously hidden from the gaze of mankind. But no opportunity is allowed for flirtation, or visits from bold admirers who might venture to scale the heights of the terrace in order to make love to some fair favorite of the harem. A negro slave, usually hideous in appearance and suspicious in temper, is always in attendance; and the distant plashing of the waves, or the dreary jangle of the tambourine with which the hated spy sometimes endeavors to amuse her mistress, is the only substitute the Moorish beauty knows for lover's whispers or moonlight serenades.

The inhabitants of Tangier, like the rest of Morocco, are a heterogeneous mixture of different races. They consist of Moors, Berbers, Jews, Arabs, and negroes, with various intermixtures natural among a people who are not fastidious in